

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,
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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

I LOVE not the time when rough Autumn discloses
 The secrets that Summer held hid in her breast;
 The fragrance that slept 'midst the leaves of the roses
 Has floated away o'er the blue hill's dim crest;
 And the wild breezes sob o'er a small nest half-shattered,
 That once was concealed in the creeper-decked wall;
 But the mother-bird died; and the young ones are scattered,
 And o'er the grass border the withered leaves fall.

Soft, soft in the morning the dun fog is creeping,
 The bindweed hangs white on her pillow of thorn;
 And the shiv'ring grey willow forever is weeping
 O'er Summer departed, and lovers forlorn.
 The wan river glides twixt the withering rushes,
 That sigh in the eve o'er the days that are dead,
 And the last hanging leaf on the chestnut-tree blushes
 Where the hot kiss of Autumn burned angrily red.

The whole world is empty: the whole earth seems dying,
 And Silence, with finger laid soft on her lip,
 Glides o'er the drear meadows, where swallows are trying
 Their wings, ere they give sullen Winter the slip.
 The lusty, loud robin, all joyful, is singing
 Of frost, and the marvellous whiteness of snow;
 He tells us that Christmas is coming, is bringing
 The thousand bright pictures he only can show.

Ah! the robin may sing on the bare, brown, stripped branches,
 I think of the summer, I pine for the sun!
 The storm hustles up, and in fury swift launches
 His barbs through the tree tops: the war is begun;
 The trees cry aloud, as their last leaves are falling;
 The branches swing low with weird murmurs of pain;
 And the ghosts of the past to the present are calling,
 And weeping their fate in grey showers of rain.

And I, all alone, waiting, hopelessly wonder,
 Did summer e'er reign o'er this cold world of ours?
 Did I ever walk in the garden and plunder
 Yon ragged rosebush of its wonderful flowers?
 Or was all but a dream? Is there nothing but sorrow?
 Are winter and weeping, all, all that are left?
 Now yesterday dies in the grasp of to-morrow,
 To-day scarcely born e'er it, too, is bereft.
 Ah me! past the window swift rain-clouds are drifting;
 The Summer is dead, and there's nothing but Death,
 Through whose skinny fingers our life-sands are sifting,
 His breathing strikes chill e'en to young Love's hot breath.
 There is nothing on earth, but King Death, that is certain,
 For Spring is a fable, fair Summer a dream;
 And the pale hands that draw down our life's heavy curtain,
 Are all that are truly the things that they seem.

All The Year Round.

A SPARROW.

LITTLE cock puff Pepys-sparrow, free-born cit,
 Amid the dear old haunts and custom'd ways
 Content to pass the measure of thy days;
 Full happy on the gutter rim to sit,
 Preening thy dusky plumes, or frequent flit,
 To take the meal, and chirrup give for praise,
 All times and seasons, be it month of May's,
 Or Lent, and just the leanest part of it!
 The wide, wide world before thee, free to fly
 Forth to the woods or groves, and breathe the air
 Of Heaven untainted, feast on daintier fare,
 And scenes more beautiful behold, than now,
 Yet is thy choosing here to live and die;
 Of men what myriads no more wise than thou!

R. STEGGALL.

"DRINK DEEP THE SPIRIT OF THE QUIET HILLS."

DRINK deep the spirit of the quiet hills!
 Teaching they have for our too restless lives.
 Could we but fix so fast our restless wills
 That softest sun nor storm that maddest drives
 Could move us from the unalterable right,
 We too might breathe, some holy eventide,
 With hearts wide open, that divine delight
 To our inconstant longings now denied.
 Leisure Hour. F. W. B.

From The Edinburgh Review.

THE THIRD INVASION OF FRANCE.*

IN the history of the world there have been several instances of the sudden and complete overthrow of a great military power, as much to the surprise of those not engaged in the contest, as to the utter bewilderment of the nation vanquished. Never, however, were the surprise of the one and the bewilderment of the other greater than when within seven weeks after the declaration of war in 1870 the contest was virtually decided by the surrender of the emperor Napoleon and his army at Sedan. It is easy to be wise after the event, and Englishmen succeeded in explaining to themselves this gigantic catastrophe in a vague and general way. Certain clear-sighted men had, indeed, as soon as the war began expressed an opinion that the French would be worsted; but even they had never anticipated so complete and rapid a disaster. Even to the Germans the result came, in its thoroughness and the speed with which it had been attained, in the nature of a pleasant surprise, though that they would be ultimately victorious they never doubted. As regards the French — with the exception of a very few, including the emperor himself — their confidence had been so great, their enthusiasm so high, that when the crash came they could hardly realize it, and were utterly at a loss to account for it, save on the grounds of treason or gross incapacity of the military commanders. That France fairly dealt with by the government, that French armies, handled with ordinary skill, could be worsted by the stolid, hated Prussians who had been so thoroughly cowed by Jena, was inconceivable. It was an outrage, a stupid insult to the nation, to suppose that French soldiers were not infinitely superior to German troops. Even if the former had by some mismanagement or an unfortunate accident been out-manœuvred or outnumbered by the enemy, the *furia francesca* would have compensated for these material disadvantages. How then to account for disasters which at last could not be denied? Thus distraught with wounded

vanity, a scene of recrimination ensued, and every one sought to make a scapegoat of his neighbor. Under such circumstances an impartial judgment was not to be expected from the French, while, dazzled by the success of the Germans, it was not much more easily obtainable from foreigners. Now, however, circumstances are changed; the heated passions of the moment have subsided in France, while as regards ourselves the glamor of German success has waned in its power. The evidence is complete, and public opinion now in a position to weigh its value calmly with a view to establish historic truth.

Animated by the patriotic desire to point out, in order that they may be remedied or removed, the causes of the most startling military collapse of modern times, the author of "*La Troisième Invasion*" has striven to place all the facts connected with the war before his countrymen. In the execution of his task he has displayed an impartiality, a contempt for illusions, and a disregard for French vanity which does him the highest honor. The first edition appeared in 1876, when France was still smarting from the wounds which she had received. The edition which we take as our text appears when actual anguish has been succeeded by an aching memory. In the interval of eleven years which has appeared between the two editions the author has had an opportunity of profiting by additional information obtained from those who bore a prominent part in the drama which they describe. Of the causes of the contest and the events which preceded it we do not propose here to treat, but shall commence with the relative military situation of France and Germany on the day on which war was officially declared.

The chief military law of France is still that of 1832, due to Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr. This law, though largely superseded and altered by successive enactments, is the basis of the French military system, and invariably referred to whenever military legislation is discussed. Startled by the triumphs of Prussia in 1866, the French government determined to increase its military strength, and at the

* *La Troisième Invasion*. PAR EUGÈNE VÉRON. Deux tomes. 8vo. Nouvelle édition. Paris: 1886.

end of 1867 Marshal Niel introduced a new military law. Its chief object was to increase the number of soldiers of which the minister of war could in the event of a European war dispose. The French generals were quite content with the military institutions of the country, and looked on the French soldiers as the best in the world. The only drawback was that their number was insufficient. As to improving the arrangements for mobilization, concentration, the organization of cadres, for making the staff and the intendants more efficient, not a thought was bestowed on these important matters. The efforts of Marshal Niel were therefore practically confined, as we have said, to increasing the numerical strength of the army. With this view the period of engagement was raised from seven to nine years, five years being passed with the colors and four in the reserve. By this expedient the effectives of the army were on paper increased—or rather would be when the system came into full operation—from 700,000 to 900,000 men without largely swelling the budget. Further to diminish the cost, the minister of war was empowered to send a portion of the men with the colors to their homes on unlimited furlough. In addition to the regular army, another force, estimated at 500,000 men, was instituted. This force, called the *garde mobile*, was to consist of those who drew good numbers in the conscription or were exempted for reasons of family from service in the regular army. This auxiliary force, which M. Véron stigmatizes as a phantasmagoria and a fiction, was evidently of no real value, from want of habits of discipline and knowledge of drill, the law only authorizing the mobiles being instructed fifteen times a year during a few hours each time. But, with a few insignificant exceptions, even this limited amount of instruction was not imparted, and the men were neither clothed, armed, nor even organized in regiments. Evidently, therefore, in estimating the real numerical strength of the army, the half-million of mobiles must be omitted from the calculation.

As to the 900,000 men of the active army and its reserves, it must be remembered

that the law of February, 1868, had not by July, 1870, produced its full effect, for the reserve only comprised two annual contingents. Other deductions had also to be made before arriving at the number of combatants really available for service in the field against Germany. These deductions consisted of troops in Algeria, at Civita Vecchia, troops in garrison, depots, sick, non-combatants, etc. Thus the real effective was reduced to 400,000 men, including those on furlough and in the reserve. Marshal Leboeuf naturally wished to make the best of things, but even he did not estimate the total number of formed soldiers on the rolls of the French army at more than 567,000 in 1870. This was the actual state of things as regarded the available numbers of instructed men in July, 1870; but the nation did not know it, and we will go so far as to say that even the minister of war did not know it, so successful had he and his predecessors been in surrounding themselves with illusions. Less than a year before the firing of the first shot—viz. on August 16, 1869—the *Journal Officiel* contained the following passage:—

A regular army of 750,000 men disposable for war, nearly 600,000 men of the mobile national guard; instruction carried in all branches to an extent hitherto unknown; 1,200,000 muskets manufactured in eighteen months; the fortresses in a proper condition; the arsenals filled; an immense amount of *matériel*, sufficient for all eventualities, whatever they may be; and, in face of such a situation, France confident in her strength. All these great results obtained in two years!

We have seen how exaggerated the estimate was as to numbers; we shall proceed to show how ill-founded were the other reasons alleged for confidence. According to the statement of Marshal Leboeuf, when the war broke out, France possessed for the infantry 1,035,555 chassepots, and 271,439 converted rifles; for the artillery 3,104 field-pieces; for chassepots 113,000,000 cartridges, for converted rifles 95,000,000 cartridges, for field-pieces 383,000 rounds. The result of the inquiry presided over by the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier and M. Reaul showed that Marshal Leboeuf was correct as to

the converted rifles, but that of chassepots there were only 1,019,000, and of field-pieces but 2,376. As to the latter, for want of harness and horses only 924 pieces could be furnished to the army of the Rhine. The supply of ammunition was so insufficient that there were outside Paris on September 13 only "about 5,500,000 cartridges, model 1866, with which to provide the fortresses threatened and the troops which were being hurriedly organized; and that as to provisions of all sorts the troops, from the time they took the field, were in want of everything."

This assertion, sweeping as it may be considered, is confirmed by a selection of telegrams given in the book before us. Thus, as early as July 19, we find General de Failly complaining that he is destitute of everything, including money. The next day the intendant-general telegraphs that at Metz there was neither sugar, coffee, rice, nor brandy, nor any salt, while the supply of biscuit and bacon was small. The major-general, on July 28, declares that there is not enough biscuit for an advance. The day previous he had represented that the detachments which joined the army were unprovided with cartridges and tents. A large proportion of the horse-collars destined for the artillery were found to be too small. In the sixth army corps there was only one veterinary surgeon to twenty batteries. The intendant of the third corps on July 24 telegraphs as follows: "The third corps quits Metz to-morrow. I have neither hospital attendants, workmen of the administration, ambulance carts, field-ovens, nor transport wagons, and in two divisions not even a functionary." Other corps were almost as badly off in these respects. The finest army in the world is useless if unprovided with means to transport its baggage and food. In this respect the French in 1870 utterly broke down. The ministry of war had failed to provide an adequate supply of food and stores generally, and even what it possessed in central depots was not forthcoming at the required times and places. Of military carriages there were sufficient, if auxiliary transport obtained from civil sources had been organized and added, to have satisfied all re-

quirements. Here again, however, was displayed want of forethought. No auxiliary transport was arranged for, and as for military carriages the following passage from M. Véron's book shows how little common sense had been shown in preparing them for mobilization: "Eight thousand carriages were collected in a single park in such a manner that, according to Intendant-General Blondeau, it would have required six months to get them out and place them at the disposal of the army." The fact is, we believe, that there was only one narrow gate to the park above mentioned. Untaught by the lessons which they might have learnt from the arrangements of the Prussians in 1866, the French authorities had bestowed no thought on such essential matters as the mobilization and concentration even of the men intended to bring up the regiments of the field army to their war strength. M. Véron, in a few powerful sentences, thus describes the general situation:—

The troops were scattered about at hundreds of leagues from their depots, and the soldiers summoned to the German frontier were obliged to begin by going to seek for their rifles and equipment at Brest, at Toulouse, in Algeria, before proceeding to their appointed posts. The defective organization of the staff and the intendance was scrupulously maintained. No pains were taken to study the military institutions of the enemy whom one was going to fight. There was not even an inkling of the modifications produced in the service of cavalry in the field by the use of rapid firing and long-range arms. The fortresses were neglected; not one was at the outset of the war completely armed. Disorder and confusion reigned in all our military administration in consequence of our excessive centralization. Thanks to the fetishism of "the virtues of our fathers," and of the memories of the *grande armée*, France, blinded by an old habit of considering herself the first military nation of the world, was about—with superannuated traditions, a *personnel* badly prepared, a *matériel* incomplete and out of date—to find herself in face of an enemy who had turned to account all the lessons of experience and every scientific discovery.

Looking on the other picture, we see Germany for years quietly yet assiduously preparing for the struggle which

she felt might take place suddenly, and which she knew was inevitable. Each army corps was a complete organism. Every arrangement to ensure rapid mobilization had been made. To each man and piece of *matériel* the place was assigned. The staff was most efficient, and constantly employed in drawing up and revising schemes of concentration suited for every eventuality, in studying various probable theatres of war, and in making itself acquainted with the military institutions and systems of all possible enemies. The men were well drilled and in a high state of discipline; while the officers were capable, well instructed, and practical. Above all, the German army was animated, from the highest to the lowest, by a strong feeling of loyalty, patriotism, and duty. There was no such thing as a paper soldier, for every officer and man on the rolls was forthcoming and ready at once to undertake the duty confided to him, to fill the place assigned to him. In mere numbers, also, Germany was superior to France, for the former could place under arms about 1,200,000 men nearly all instructed, and of these 600,000 men of the active troops and the reserve were in a condition to take the field within three weeks. Truly, it may be said that success was assured for Germany even before her troops marched out of barracks, and that in peace she had organized the triumphs of war.

We propose to deal with only two acts of the drama, for the reason that after the virtual annihilation of the regular army of France the ultimate result became a foregone conclusion. There was much that was heroic in the struggles of D'Aurelles de Paladine and Chanzy on the Loire, carried on by armies raised, equipped, and organized with superhuman energy, against the solid troops of Germany; and the skill with which Chanzy wielded his inferior weapon affords material for an interesting chapter of military history. Admiration is likewise due to Faidherbe, while the defence of Belfort is an episode in the war of which the French may well be proud. We do not, however, propose to follow out to its bitter end the unfortunate operations which ended at Sedan, or to analyze, as it were, the dregs of the struggle. Neither do we care to dwell upon the humiliating circumstances of the siege of Paris, the surrender of which place to an enemy absurdly inferior numerically to the garrison was due to the incapacity of Trochu. We prefer to concentrate our attention on, first, the opera-

tions of the army of the Rhine; secondly, the siege and capitulation of Metz. These were, we conceive, the pivot and kernel of the war, and for their examination we require all the space that we can spare.

War was declared virtually by M. Emile Ollivier on July 15 by his speech in the Chambers, but the formal announcement was only handed in to Count Bismarck on the 19th of the same month. The original plan of the emperor Napoleon was to form three armies — one of 150,000 men at Metz; one of 100,000 at Strasbourg; and one of 50,000 at Châlons. The enemy would thus be uncertain as to where the principal attack would be made, whether on the Rhine provinces or the Grand Duchy of Baden. The actual intention was to move rapidly the army of Metz to Strasbourg as soon as the concentration had been completed, and after effecting a junction with the forces at that place to cross the Rhine at Maxau. By this means it was expected that the States of southern Germany would be surprised in the very act of forming their corps, and be prevented from assisting northern Germany. Indeed, it was believed that the southern States, especially Bavaria and Württemberg, would need very little pressure to induce them to side actively with France. This movement would likewise facilitate a junction of the Austrian and Italian armies with those of France, and the emperor was certainly under the impression, whether rightly or not, that such an alliance would follow an invasion of Germany. Finally, a large amount of prestige would be gained by, and considerable relief secured to, France by carrying the war beyond the Rhine. No Frenchman at that moment supposed that war with Germany meant an invasion of France.

The scheme was bold and not wanting in merit, but for success it was essential that the French forces above mentioned should be ready to take the field some days sooner than the German armies; that the latter should fail to prevent the passage of the Rhine; and, finally, that the emperor should be able, after crossing the river, to maintain himself in southern Germany till the middle of September, before which time he did not expect to be joined by the armies of Austria and Italy. A secondary part of the scheme was that the fleet should transport 30,000 French troops to the Baltic, which troops, strengthened by an army of 40,000 Danes, were to effect a disembarkation, and thus occupy the attention of a large portion of the north-German forces.

A great commander, while confident of success, nevertheless does not lose sight of the possibility of at least partial failures. He seeks to guard against their consequences, and, above all, provides for the modification which changed and unforeseen circumstances may render necessary. The conduct of the French strategists was very different. They had, apparently, but a single grandiose plan: they provided for no untoward accidents, for no change of circumstances. In fact, they were distraught with vanity, and though they reckoned on their 300,000 men being opposed, when they had crossed the Rhine, by 500,000 North Germans, they counted on the chassepot and the mitrailleuse to compensate for this numerical superiority. "As to the possibility of a check, it had not been foreseen, and no measures had been taken to provide for this eventuality."

Von Moltke's plan was, as M. Véron points out, less complicated. He was quite as much impressed as the emperor by the importance of assuming the offensive, but he resolved not to bring the German troops into contact with the enemy until they were quite ready for the field. When they were ready, the first army, under General Steinmetz, numbering about 84,000 fighting men, was to march on the Sarre, and the second army under Prince Frederick Charles, numbering about 175,000 men, was to march on the Lauter. They were to advance from Sarrebrück and Sarreguemines towards Metz, Pont-à-Mousson, and Frouard in such a manner that there should never be more than 30 kilomètres — nearly 19 miles — between the two armies, so that by means of a single long march they could unite for battle. A third army, commanded by the crown prince of Prussia, was to enter Alsace between Wissembourg and Lauterbourg. It was to attack the French troops on the lower Rhine, mask Strasbourg, penetrate the Vosges, and unite with the other two armies in Lorraine. This third army numbered nearly 170,000 combatants. All three armies were so to regulate their marches as to be always on the same general line, and thus be able to give mutual support.

The general instructions were "to seek out the principal army of the enemy, and to attack it wherever it might be found." Rightly, the whole of the frontier from Lauterbourg to Bâle was neglected in order to act with preponderating masses on the principal line of operations. Indeed, Moltke well knew that if we could barely contrive to anticipate him

on the Rhine with 200,000 men, we should require several weeks to raise our numbers to a substantially higher figure. Thanks to the superiority of the organization and the system of mobilisation adopted by Prussia, it was easy for her to bring into line at least 600,000 men before the French army should have collected 300,000 men.

The German scheme, while based upon offensive strategy, was also calculated to protect German territory from a successful invasion. Allowing that all the anticipations of the French headquarter staff had been fulfilled, the army of the crown prince changing front to the left would have held the French army in check, while the first and second armies advancing before, in their turn wheeling also to the left, would have fallen on the French line of communications.

The French calculations were, however, unfounded. Southern Germany resolved to throw in her lot with Prussia, and the French field armies were not only slow in mobilization, but they never attained the estimated numbers.

The order of mobilization had been sent out from Berlin on the night of July 15-16. On the 26th the operation was completed, and the process of concentration was at once commenced. In the mean time small parties of German cavalry had been reconnoitring French territory, and harassing the French troops, who never could come up with them, rarely even see them. The French army was scattered and inactive, waiting for reserve men, stores, and food. It was not till July 28 that the emperor left Paris for the front; but nothing was decided on, and the French were still in a state of unreadiness, when on August 4 the storm broke. Abel Douay's division of MacMahon's corps was, notwithstanding a gallant resistance, crushed by three corps of the crown prince's army at Wissembourg, the combat, as so often happened during the war, having commenced with a surprise. On the 5th the emperor Napoleon divided his forces into two armies, each of three corps, commanded respectively by MacMahon and Bazaine. "But the measure was not complete, for these commands were only instituted in order to facilitate the transmission of orders. In other respects the two marshals remained strictly subordinate to the imperial staff." MacMahon at once gave orders to concentrate round Woerth. Owing, however, to the slowness of General de Failly and the manner in which all the component parts of his army had been scattered, the mar-

shal had on the 6th, when he was beaten at Woerth or Fröschwiller, only 45,000 men instead of 80,000 with which to oppose 75,000 Germans, and he was compelled to retreat to Châlons.

On the same day took place the battle of Spicheren or Forbach, in which the corps of General Frossard was completely defeated after a fight which lasted all day. Frossard, whose force numbered 30,000, had been authorized to fall back from his position opposite Sarrebrück to one more secure a few miles in rear. General Kamecke, thinking that the French were seeking to avoid a battle, tried to detain them. The Germans only numbered 15,000 men at first against Frossard's 30,000, but they were gradually reinforced till the numbers were equal. Then the superiority of the German artillery told, and the French at nightfall ceded the field of battle. This result was due partly to the faulty disposition of Frossard, who never appeared on the ground till late in the day. It was Bazaine, however, who was chiefly responsible for the disaster. Under his command and at his disposal that day there was Decaen's division at St. Avold, besides his own headquarters on the line of railway which ran to Stiring, which was occupied by Frossard's extreme left. St. Avold was, we may mention, 14½ miles, as the crow flies, from the centre of the battle-field. At Puttelange were four regiments under General Castagny, at Marienthal Metman's division, and at Sarreguemines Montaudon's division, at distances, as the crow flies, respectively of 9½, 11½, and 7½ miles. Up to 3 o'clock the French had rather the best of the combat, which began soon after 6 A.M., and did not cease till about 9 P.M. With the 40,000 men whom a timely order from Bazaine could have brought up, the position would at least have been maintained. A minute comparison of the distances, the distribution of the troops, and the communications actually made by telegraph, shows that Frossard's defeat was caused by the want of reinforcements which might have reached him. This story would be incredible if it were not proved by unimpeachable testimony. Indeed, the whole of the proceedings of August 6 are of the most incomprehensible nature. We have Bazaine quietly remaining at St. Avold the whole day when within twenty minutes' railway journey of the extreme left of the battle-field; we have a brigade of dragoons, within at the most a couple of miles of the fighting-line of the French, waiting the entire afternoon without estab-

lishing communication with the general to whose assistance it had been sent; and three divisions — the furthest only 11½ miles from the battle-field — all aware that an action was raging, all anxious to take part in it, and yet not firing a single shot, and, though sufficiently provided with cavalry, ignorant of the precise state of affairs. M. Véron sums up his remarks on this battle, which according to him ought to have been won by the French, but was lost through the misconduct of Bazaine, in the following trenchant terms:

This turning movement would not have been possible if there had been sent to General Frossard some of the regiments which heard the sound of the cannon at 14 kilometres from there, with grounded arms. Some of the Prussian corps which took part in the battle had had to accomplish in the course of the day as much as 38 kilometres. The troops of Bazaine ought, then, to have been able to arrive long before them. Why was it not wished that they should have done so? In twenty minutes by the railway Bazaine could have proceeded to the field of battle to judge for himself of the situation. Why did he not do so? Bazaine indulged in a prelude to the part which he was about to play at Metz. He had not here to allege the political reasons with which later on he sought to cover his treason. It was not a question of protesting against the revolution, since the Empire was not overthrown. He cared no more for the Empire than for any other government: he cared only for himself.

The above is a severe commentary on the conduct of Bazaine on the day of Spicheren. The more charitable of M. Véron's readers, while admitting that the marshal showed himself on that occasion wanting alike in energy and capacity, will perhaps argue that all commanders are liable to make mistakes, to be diverted by imaginary from real dangers, to misconceive the intentions of the enemy. Such is undoubtedly the case, and did the accusation of Bazaine rest solely on the events of August 6, we should be disposed to acquit him, notwithstanding his suspicious conduct in Mexico. But taken as a part of a whole, and viewed in connection with subsequent events, it is otherwise, and we cannot but regard the events of August 6 as the prologue of the infamous drama of which the marshal's trial and condemnation formed the epilogue.

We pass over the various changes of plans, and the retreat of the left wing of the army to the Moselle, and come to August 12. On the afternoon of that day the emperor resigned even the nominal command of the army, and nominated Ba-

zaine commander-in-chief of the army of the Rhine. On the same day the emperor wrote him a letter pointing out the critical position of the army, using words which evidently implied his opinion that the retreat should be hastened, and urging him to come to a resolution if not attacked on the morrow. Bazaine, who on receiving the letter of service between 4 and 5 P. M. had proceeded to Metz to see the emperor, returned in the evening to his headquarters at Borny. It would have been thought that he would at once have decided either to cross the Moselle with the utmost expedition, or take steps to give battle on the right bank of the river. He apparently did neither. In his own book called "*L'Armée du Rhin*," Bazaine asserted that with the command of the army he had received the imperative order to retire towards Verdun with the utmost expedition. Before the court-martial he asserted that he had received no such order. Be that as it may, it was evident that no time was to be lost, for the enemy were gathering alike on his front and right flank, and were close at hand. Even if he resolved to attempt to check the Germans by an offensive battle, he had to prepare for the possibility of defeat. Indeed, the only object of a battle would be to gain time for a retreat. It would have been thought, therefore, that he would have turned his first attention to the means of crossing the Moselle, and quitting the valley through which that river runs. It was of equal importance to destroy all bridges which would not be used by the French army, so as to prevent the enemy from anticipating him on the road to Verdun. Let us see what he did and what he left undone. There were only four bridges which could be useful to the Germans—the suspension bridge at Corny, and the stone bridges at Pont-à-Mousson, Dieulouard, and Marbach. These bridges were neither destroyed nor guarded; they were only imperfectly watched. There were also bridges at Novéant and Ars which were equally neglected.

On the 13th the emperor wrote to the marshal in the following terms: "There is not a moment to be lost in making the movement decided on." This movement was the retreat of the army towards Metz; and on the 12th, before the assumption of the command-in-chief by Marshal Bazaine, the emperor had ordered General Coffinière, commanding the engineers of the army, to construct as many bridges as possible over the Moselle. On the 8th a similar order had been given, and fourteen

had been constructed, when in the night of the 12th–13th a flood somewhat damaged them. Let us now return to the 13th. It would appear that the marshal rode into Metz from Borny and had a conference with the emperor, returning about 2 P. M. to his headquarters. Late in the afternoon the marshal writes to the emperor saying that as the enemy are drawing close a passage of the river under these circumstances would take place under unfavorable conditions. He therefore proposes to fight either an offensive or defensive battle.

Thus we see the emperor continually urging a retreat, and Bazaine fencing with him. First of all he asserts that the bridges will not be ready till the 14th, and points out in addition that there are difficulties about the distribution of rations. Then he talks of giving or accepting battle before attempting the passage, and finally at 9 P. M. informs the emperor that he has decided on attacking. He had, however, in the course of the afternoon given orders relative to the passage of the different corps—viz., for reducing baggage, leaving behind men unable to march, and examining the roads leading from the valley of the Moselle up to the plateau. This indicated an intention of effecting the passage about noon on the 14th. No positive orders were, however, issued for the retreat till some time during the night 13th–14th. The precise hour at which the marshal changed his mind about an offensive movement, and why he did so, is unknown.

Having made up his mind to cross the river without previously giving battle, it was evidently of the greatest importance to start without a moment's delay. There were three permanent bridges over the Moselle, which could be utilized without waiting for the fourteen or fifteen temporary bridges, and the latter were, according to General Coffinière, all completed on the morning of the 14th—some of them, it may be inferred from his statement when cross-examined at Bazaine's trial, very early in the morning. Yet the generals commanding corps were informed by a note, dated 7 or 8 A. M. 14th, that the bridges would not be ready before noon. A skilful, careful commander-in-chief, having resolved that even if he fought on the right bank of the Moselle he would do so only with a view to effecting his retreat without pressure, would have sent as much as possible of the transport across the river beforehand in order to have the roads clear. He would also have used as many

roads as were available, and these would have been indicated to officers commanding corps. Bazaine neither sent on the transport by the three permanent bridges on the 13th, nor did he take proper measures for facilitating the march of the troops.

There are two main roads leading westward from Metz; one which mounts by a very steep ascent to Gravelotte, where it divides, one branch going to Mars-la-Tour, the other to Jarny; and a second main road passing by Woippy, St. Privat, and Briey. This last road was altogether neglected. The great point, however, was to get the army—120,000 strong—out of the valley of the Moselle on to the plateau between Gravelotte and St. Privat, and for this purpose there were many minor roads. Of these no use at all was made. It must be remembered that Borny—Bazaine's headquarters—was only three miles from the eastern entrance to Metz, and but four miles from the river. The whole army was therefore well in hand, and orders could reach any portion within half an hour; yet apparently it was late in the morning before any of the corps started from their quarters. At 3 P. M. all the corps, save the third, the guards, and Grenier's division of Ladmirault's (the fourth) corps, were across or waiting to pass the river. Wishing to arrest the retreat, General Goltz attacked the French troops about Colombey with the advanced guard of the seventh Prussian corps, which in the course of the afternoon was successively reinforced. Had Bazaine acted energetically, he could have crushed easily the small force at first opposed to him; or he could, perceiving the evident object of the enemy, have gradually withdrawn the guards, the third corps, and Grenier's division under the protection of the forts, and passed the whole army rapidly over the river. He did neither one thing nor the other, and not only fought what may be termed a standing battle, but sent for, or allowed to be brought back, the remainder of the fourth corps, which was on the point of crossing the river. It is manifest that what he ought to have done was to deal a heavy and prompt blow at his assailants, and, having paralyzed or destroyed them, to have completed his withdrawal in an orderly manner, but with speed. M. Véron quotes on this point the work of General Kamecke, who says:—

If Marshal Bazaine wished to retreat, he ought not to have accepted battle on the right bank of the Moselle. The fortress of Metz covered his retreat in the most complete man-

ner, and any German corps which should have advanced in the direction of this place could be considered, for a day at least, as out of the reckoning for the subsequent engagements of the retreat on Verdun.

If, on the contrary, the marshal wished to defend the line of the Moselle by holding on to Metz, he ought, on this day of the 14th, when the German troops were in the most immediate neighborhood of the place, to have sallied forth with all his force. His success was assured at the outset. The Germans could scarcely have assembled before the 15th sufficient troops to give him battle. In any case, they would have collected all their forces in the direction of Metz, and the Moselle could only have been passed by unimportant detachments.

The two armies would then have found themselves in presence on the 15th in the direction Metz-Sarrebrück, and the neighborhood of Metz would have given the marshal the option of a battle or an easy retreat. Thus on his side on the 14th he ought either not to have fought or to have fought with his entire army. This affair of the 14th could only be disastrous to the French.

The marshal, as usual, failed to take a decided line. He did not avoid a battle altogether, nor did he fight a retreating action; and he sacrificed the tactical successes which, in spite of his conduct, the gallantry of his troops obtained, by causing some villages to be abandoned late in the evening in order to draw back his troops step by step towards Borny. Thus the Germans had some justification for claiming a victory. M. Véron denies that the French were defeated; but, apart from the fact that the French did, as before mentioned, abandon certain villages, the Germans obtained a great strategical success. It seems to us that a test of a victory is this: Two contending armies have each a certain object in giving or accepting battle. Whichever of the two accomplishes his own object is assuredly the victor. As regards Borny the object of the Germans was to hold fast the French and delay the retreat; this they did: therefore they were the victors.

During the night of the 14th-15th Ladmirault's corps crossed the Moselle, and was followed by the remainder of the troops who had been engaged at Borny. So great, however, was the encumbrance of the roads followed by the army, that on the evening of the 15th only a portion of it had arrived at Gravelotte. An idea may be formed of the want of method, arrangement, and foresight with regard to the retreat, from the fact that the second corps—Frossard's—left its bivouac at 10 A. M. on the 14th, and did not reach its destina-

tion on the other side of the Moselle till between 9 and 11 P.M., after accomplishing a march of about eight miles.

General Frossard, in his evidence before the court-martial, thus expressed himself:—

The passage was made with great slowness because the meadows were covered with water in great abundance, and that it was not sufficient to reach a bridge; it was necessary to go from one bridge to another. We reached the other bank, and we found in the villages which we traversed, and which constituted one long defile, an immense, an unheard-of encumbrance; so that the troops which I had put in motion at 10 in the morning only reached their camping-grounds between 9 and 11 in the evening. That was a fact independent of the orders which had been given; but if these orders had distributed the columns among the different crossings which could have been employed, there would have been neither encumbrance nor confusion.

The emperor quitted the army at 5 A.M. of the 16th, and the marshal, now more free to act, hastened to countermand the instructions which he had given to hasten the retreat. He directed that the troops encamped at Gravelotte, instead of starting at daybreak, should await new instructions. M. Véron says: "The general-in-chief no longer thought of anything but of not allowing his communications with Metz to be cut, which was so much the less difficult as the enemy had no other pre-occupation than to push him back into that town."

The marshal in his examination declared that he deferred the departure of the troops on the 16th from early morning till the afternoon at the request of Marshal Lebœuf, whose corps was not closed up. Bazaine added that he did not anticipate being seriously attacked that day; yet, on the 15th, General Forton with his division of cavalry had encountered a force of two regiments of cavalry, a battery, and a small column of infantry beyond Mars-la-Tour, and a skirmish ensued. General Forton was supported by two other cavalry divisions, yet he fell back in the evening.

The marshal, indeed, had betrayed in conversations with Intendant-General Wolf and another officer his inclination to remain within reach of Metz. The result of these delays was that in the forenoon of the 16th an attack was made on the left of the advanced troops by a force of Germans at first only 35,000 strong, but raised before the close of the day to 90,000. The marshal had under his hand about 115,000

men, but he kept back a large proportion of his army to guard his left rear and protect his communications with Metz. Had he been energetic and sincere in his professed intention to force his way, he could easily have crushed his assailants and effected his retreat. As it was, after a bloody day, which cost each army a loss of between 16,000 and 17,000 men, the Germans retained their hold of a position commanding the southern road to Verdun. The attack by the Germans was, notwithstanding the large body of French cavalry at the head of the column, somewhat of the nature of a surprise, so badly was the service of reconnaissance performed. The marshal could on the morning of the 17th either have attacked with superior forces the Germans on his left—and they were apprehensive that he would do so—or have held them in check while he advanced in echelon from his right by the northern road, which was quite free to him. He did neither. He was bent on not losing hold of Metz, and at 11 P.M. on the 16th he wrote to the emperor saying that in order to obtain a fresh supply of ammunition and food he was about to fall back on the line Vigneules-Lessy—*i.e.*, place himself on the glacis of the western forts of Metz. In the letter to the emperor occurs the following passage: "It is probable, according to the news which I shall receive of the concentration of the armies of the princes, that I shall see myself obliged to take the road for Verdun by the north."

It appears from the testimony given before the court-martial that the want of food and ammunition was a mere pretext employed to justify a fixed determination not to march on Verdun. There was actually an abundance of food, for the head-quarter convoy alone, contained, on the evening of the 16th, 173,000 rations of bread and biscuit, 1,136,000 rations of flour, and three days' subsistence in other articles. Besides, Metz, only $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant, contained an abundance of food with ample means of transport; depots of provisions had been prepared at various places on the road to Verdun; and at the latter place there were 600,000 rations ready for issue. M. Véron says: "The following morning, as if to inflict on himself a striking contradiction, at the moment of quitting Gravelotte, he gave orders to burn an enormous quantity of biscuits and provisions of all sorts, in order to lighten the march of the army."

His assertion with respect to ammunition was equally false, for the army pos-

sessed 80,000 rounds for the artillery and 16,000,000 cartridges, having only expended since leaving Metz twenty-six thousand of the former and a million of the latter. But the marshal hesitated at the last minute to show his intentions too plainly, and determined to take up a position less retired—*i.e.*, one between Rozé-riuelles and St. Privat. What his ideas were is shown by a remark to some officers of his staff: "It is necessary to save the army, and for that purpose to return close to Metz." If he had really intended to resume his march on Verdun he would not have left to the enemy the opportunity, as he did, of placing the German army across those roads. Again, on the 18th he would not have concentrated his attentions and his force as he did on the left, but rather on the right. If his object was to withdraw into Metz, then, and then only, the left—if he intended to continue his march, then the right—would have been the strategic flank.

In the battle of the 18th, we have to remark that the marshal allowed the enemy with impunity to perform the delicate, difficult, and dangerous manœuvre of marching across the front of his line. But everything was done to facilitate their success on that day. Canrobert, with only 26,000 men and seventy-eight pieces of artillery, badly supplied with ammunition and with scarcely any tools, not only fortified but held his position against vastly superior numbers till evening. Continually did Canrobert send to the marshal for ammunition and reinforcements, but only received by his direct orders two batteries and a paltry supply of ammunition. Yet there were available an ample amount of ammunition, and the Imperial Guard, with ninety-six pieces of artillery. As for Bazaine, he practically took no part in the battle. His headquarters were at Plappeville, which was three miles from the left and six miles from the right of his army, and so far in rear of his line of battle that he could practically see nothing but smoke. The battle commenced about 11.30 A.M., but the marshal did not mount his horse before 2 P.M., and then only took with him a few officers instead of the numerous staff available, the members of which could have brought him from time to time information of the progress of the battle. As a matter of fact he sent no one to obtain intelligence. He first proceeded to Fort St. Quentin. There he stopped till nearly 4 P.M., when he rode back to the plateau of Plappeville; he went on a few minutes later to Fort St. Quentin.

On his way he met an officer commanding General Bourbaki's escort, M. de Beaumont, and ordered him to tell the general that he was to return to his quarters—literally, "re-enter"—with all the guard, and to acquaint Marshal Canrobert with these instructions. Marshal Bazaine declared that instead of the word *revenir*, he used the word *rester*, which gave the order quite a different meaning. Captain de Mornay-Soult declared that Marshal Bazaine said to M. de Beaumont, "Tell him to place himself in communication with Marshal Canrobert, let him intimate to him that he is to remain—*rester*—but particularly that he is not to engage lightly—*à la légère*." M. de Beaumont, being recalled, persisted in his own version. Captain de Lucale, an officer of General Bourbaki's staff, stated that General Bourbaki, having ridden to the front to ascertain what was going on, left the bulk of his staff at Plappeville. At about 3.30 P.M., those who were left behind at Plappeville received orders to join their general. On their way they met the marshal, who, having ascertained where they were going, said to them, "It is useless, the guard is about to re-enter—*revenir dans*—its camp." Captain de Sancy, who was with Captain de Lucale, said that when they met the marshal he pronounced these words: "Everything is going on well. We have been attacked with great violence in our positions, but we have maintained them vigorously, and at the present moment we can consider the day as finished." This conversation, Captain de Sancy declared, took place about 4 P.M. We may also mention that when Marshal Bazaine delivered to M. de Beaumont the order for General Bourbaki he added these words: "The day is over; the Prussians wished to feel us, and it is all over." It is therefore clear, after considering the above evidence, that the marshal believed, or affected to believe, that the Prussians had made little more than a reconnaissance in force, that they had made no impression on the French positions, that the affair was over, and that consequently it was unnecessary to support Canrobert. Yet at that very moment the battle was raging furiously; and the idea of telling Canrobert, who had been hotly engaged for four or five hours, not to engage without good reason, or, as he expressed it, *à la légère*, was a piece of audacious and ill-timed badinage.

To resume the progress of the marshal on that day. After meeting on the plateau of Plappeville the officers above men-

tioned, between 4 and 5 P.M. he proceeded to the Col de Lessey, which joins the plateau of Plappeville and St. Quentin. After stopping there a short time, he returned and placed himself in front of the Fort of Plappeville, remaining there till 7.30 P.M., when, the battle not yet being over, he calmly entered his headquarters; yet the fighting was not over before about 8 P.M. Immediately after dismounting, the marshal sent off a telegram to the emperor as follows: "I am ignorant of the extent to which Verdun is supplied. I consider that it is necessary to leave there only that of which I shall have need if I succeed in reaching the place. I have just returned from the plateau. The attack has been very brisk. At this moment, 7 o'clock, the firing is ceasing. Our troops have steadfastly remained in their positions. One regiment, the 60th, has suffered a good deal in defending the farm of St. Hubert." Can a more misleading, disingenuous despatch be imagined? Can any one doubt, after reading what we have written, that the marshal had no intention of gaining a victory or of resuming his march towards Verdun, or that he had any other idea than that of holding fast to Metz? To quote the statement of the court of inquiry, dated April 12, 1872: "Did he foresee the troubles which would rise from our defeats, and did he think that having in his hand the only organized, disciplined, and homogeneous army, he could by gaining time treat for peace with the enemy, render himself the arbiter of the destinies of the country?"

His conduct up to the end of the battle of Gravelotte proves first that he did not wish to inflict a crushing defeat on the enemy; secondly, that he did not desire by effecting a retreat to Verdun to transfer the control of the army to the hands of the government. This conclusion is borne out by the steps he took after the battle of St. Privat. During the night of August 18-19 he issued orders for drawing in the army close to the forts on the western bank of the Moselle. As we have shown, he had previously contemplated this movement, and when on the evening of August 18, some staff-officers of the fourth and sixth corps appeared downcast at the result of the contest, he said: "Do not be grieved. This movement was to have taken place to-morrow morning; you make it twelve hours sooner."

In a report to the emperor, dated August 19, but not actually despatched till the 20th, he expresses himself as follows:—

The army fought the whole of yesterday in the positions St. Privat-la-Montagne and Rozérieulles, and preserved them. The 4th and 6th corps made, towards 9 in the evening, a change of front, right thrown back, in order to ward off a turning movement by the right, which masses of the enemy were endeavoring to make under cover of the darkness. This morning I have caused the 2nd and 3rd corps to descend from their positions, and the army is grouped afresh on the left bank of the Moselle from Longeville to Sansonnet, forming a curved line passing behind Forts St. Quentin and Plappeville. The troops are fatigued by these incessant combats, which do not permit them to look after their material wants, and it is indispensable to allow them two or three days' repose. . . . I reckon still on taking the direction of the north, and of then turning off by the road of Ste. Mencheould to Châlons, if it is not strongly occupied. In the contrary case I shall continue my march on Sedan, and even Mézières, in order to reach Châlons.

Compare these assertions with the ascertained facts and with his subsequent actions. The French army maintained its position during the 18th in spite of a vigorous attack, and the right wing only changed direction to the right, thrown back to avoid a turning movement. It was practically victorious, yet was obliged to take up a position in rear of the forts. This movement and two or three days' rest were indispensable, because the troops were worn out by constant fighting; yet before the fighting of the 18th, when many regiments were engaged for the first time since the 14th, a retrograde movement had been actually arranged for. Again, the turning movement which affected the right wing was said to have been attempted under cover of the darkness, whereas it was accomplished before sunset. There are, in short, almost as many falsehoods as sentences in this report.

On the 20th Bazaine informed MacMahon that he would "probably" take the direction of the north, but would let him know when he could march without compromising the army. On the 22nd he informed the emperor that there was no change in the situation, that he is invested by the enemy, but that he is himself constructing defensive works—showing his intention of remaining at Metz—and adding, in order to excuse his delay in starting, that the enemy number 350,000 men. This last assertion was ridiculously false, for there were only five German corps, weakened by losses in action, and therefore at the outside counting 150,000 efficient men, or only a few more than those whom the marshal could place in line.

On August 23 there arrived at Metz a despatch announcing that MacMahon had quitted Reims and was marching on Montmédy, in order to effect a junction with the army of the Rhine. The marshal denied the receipt of this despatch, but Colonel, now General, Lewal states that he handed the despatch to the marshal, and that the marshal incautiously read it aloud in his presence. Knowing the danger that MacMahon would encounter if alone he came across the armies of the crown princes of Prussia and Saxony, Colonel Lewal exclaimed, "Ah, Monsieur le Maréchal, we must start at once." A conversation then ensued, the marshal insisting that he had still many preparations to make before he could march, and Colonel Lewal urging an immediate departure. Finally the marshal ordered the colonel to say nothing of this despatch. A few days after Colonel Lewal mentioned the above facts to Colonel d'Audlan, a brother staff-officer, and to several others, among others to Marshal Canrobert. Though, however, he kept the arrival of this despatch a secret, and afterwards denied its existence, the marshal nevertheless felt that he was bound to do something to keep up appearances. He consequently decided to make a sortie by the right bank of the river, in the direction of Thionville, 18½ miles distant, on August 26. The troops on that day were assembled at their various rendezvous ready to attack about noon, whereas it was evident that the preparatory movement should have been completed by daybreak. The order to advance was not however given, and at 2 P. M. all the corps commanders were assembled at the Château of Grimont for a consultation, close to Fort St. Julien on the right bank. M. Véron describes what ensued in the following passage:—

General Soleille declared that the army had only ammunition for a single battle, which was false and in direct contradiction of the declaration of the same general, who four days before, the 22nd, had announced that the army was completely reprovvisioned. Now, from the 22nd to the 26th the sole fact which had occurred had been the discovery at the railway station of 4,000,000 cartridges. General Coffinière pretended for his part that if the army quitted Metz the place would be incapable of defending itself. This assertion was not more exact than the other. Bazaine received them both without observation, although Marshal Lebœuf had declared that he was ready to undertake the defence, and that he answered for preserving the town. As to the march of MacMahon not a word was breathed of it. In consequence, it was decided to remain

close to Metz, and the troops received orders to return to camp.

At the close of the council Bazaine sent off a despatch to the minister of war saying that he had only ammunition for a single battle, and that such being the case it was impossible to force the enemy's intrenchments. Ignoring the despatch received on the 23rd, and pretending not to know of MacMahon's march, he said, "It will act efficaciously if an offensive movement in the interior forces the enemy to retreat." That Bazaine could have broken through the investment on that day seems at least probable, especially if he had begun his attack at daybreak. Marshal Lebœuf considered that a favorable opportunity was missed, and the German Captain Goetze asserts in his book that the investing works were on the 26th very little advanced. Acting from a central position suddenly against a circle of troops, there was little chance for the latter unless strengthened by formidable works, and, as we have seen, the works were not then formidable. Bazaine thus managed for the time to escape from the necessity of doing his duty. Unfortunately for him the respite was short. On August 29 a letter was brought by a messenger, stating that Ducrot with one corps would be on the 27th at Stenay on the left of the army, and Douay on the right on the Meuse. The marshal was requested to hold himself ready to march at the first cannon-shot. Bazaine on this dared not abstain from assuming an appearance of activity, and ordered the troops to be ready to march the next day at noon. Why noon? Why not daybreak, so as to take the enemy by surprise and have a long day for the battle and march? He, however, countermanded this order; but the next day there arrived a despatch from MacMahon himself, dated the 22nd, which ended with: "I am marching in the direction of Montmédy; I shall be the day after to-morrow on the Aisne, whence I shall operate according to circumstances in order to come to your assistance." To remain idle after the receipt of such intelligence would be equivalent to proclaiming himself a traitor. A sortie for the following day was therefore ordered. It was not, however, intended to be more than a sham. The truth of this assertion becomes manifest as soon as we consider what was done and left undone. Bazaine did not commence the attack at daybreak, and the baggage was left in the Chambière Island, showing an intention to return. No serious endeavor was made to create

diversions by making false attacks from various quarters, though a little skirmishing at the outposts to the east of Metz began early in the morning. Finally, all the preparatory movements were made with the utmost slowness, and without any attempt at concealment. At 8 A.M. five divisions were ready to debouch on Noisseville, Montoy, and Ste. Barbe. M. Véron says: "At 1 P.M. the sixth corps was in position. The marshal had then under his hand 60,000 combatants, and the 40,000 others were following. The Germans had not at this moment more than 35,000 with which to oppose us, and the reinforcements had a long road to traverse. The commander-in-chief decided that he would not give the signal of attack till four in the afternoon." Everything had indeed been done to render success impossible to the French before the battle began, and when it commenced the marshal did not employ all his forces. Nevertheless, such was the vigor and gallantry of the troops who were engaged that the first line of the enemy to the north and north-east of Metz was carried by 10 P.M. The next morning the combat was resumed, and the marshal only employing a part of his forces, the French were gradually driven back, and about 10 A.M. were ordered to return to their original camps.

We learn from a note to the German official account of the war that the marching-out strength of the French force employed was 120,000 men, with 528 guns and 96 mitrailleuses. Opposed to these on the actual scene of the struggle was a German force which at the close of the 31st did not exceed 44,540 infantry, 5,950 cavalry, and 174 guns. On the following day the German force amounted to 69,000 infantry, 4,800 cavalry, and 290 guns. The numerical superiority of the French throughout the two days' fighting called the battle of Noisseville was thus considerable. The loss on the side of the Germans was nearly 3,000 men, and on that of the French 3,547.

The German official account above quoted says: "The arrangements of the French commander-in-chief and the proceedings of his troops on August 31 leave no doubt that on this day, at any rate, there was a fixed purpose on the part of the adversary to break through the lines of the German army." We do not share this opinion, which the Germans were no doubt unconsciously inclined to favor in order to gain credit for the excellent arrangements and splendid tenacity and courage which they showed on this oc-

casion. As we have shown above, the marshal did everything in his power to make the enterprise fail; and considering the valor of the French, and the fact that even after all the warning given to the enemy the assailants numbered on the 31st more than twice as many combatants as the defenders, the victory of the former was *prima facie* certain. The German official account shows how careful Bazaine was to give notice of his intended enterprise:—

Considerable uproar and the incessant clanging of military bands in the positions of the invested army had attracted the attention of the Prussian watch-posts as early as the evening of August 30. During the early hours of August 31 these conspicuous proceedings were repeated, and in the grey of the morning considerable movement was apparent in the enemy's camps, which were still partly enshrouded in mist. As the light of day waxed, it was seen that several bivouacs west of the Moselle had been abandoned, that large bodies of troops were assembled at Fort St. Julien, and that others were following thither from the left bank.

Again, Bazaine's own order issued to some of the corps commanders early on the morning of September 1 betrays his designs. In this order he says that according to the Prussian dispositions either the advance will be continued, or that the troops will hold fast to the positions already occupied till evening, and then return to the environs of Metz. We therefore agree with M. Véron in thinking that the marshal had resolved not to succeed.

The intention of Marshal MacMahon was to give a helping hand to Bazaine, counting on the latter's making an effort to free himself. On the 23rd, as we know, Bazaine received intimation that MacMahon had commenced his march. Had Bazaine broken through on the 25th, after inflicting, as he could have done, a crushing blow on the German troops on the right bank of the Moselle, he could, marching ten miles a day after the 25th, have reached Beaumont on the 30th, the day on which the fifth French corps was defeated at that place. Bazaine could thus have either secured a French victory, or at all events have prevented a French defeat, and have disarranged the German plans. By the junction of Bazaine with MacMahon the French forces would have reached 240,000 men. They would have still been inferior to their opponents by 30,000 or 40,000 men, and a serious disaster would have no doubt befallen them. They had, however, a chance of retreating

fighting to the north. At all events they could not have suffered a worse disaster than that which ultimately ensued, namely, the capitulation of two armies. It certainly was the duty of Bazaine to try to effect a junction with MacMahon at any risk, and had he started on the 23rd, when his army had been completed in ammunition, the task of the Germans would have been rendered difficult.

What is quite clear is that Bazaine should, if he did not intend to quit Metz—and he certainly did not intend to do so—have informed MacMahon of his intention. He would thus have prevented his brother marshal from incurring a risk so great that failure with such an inefficient army as that commanded by MacMahon was almost certain. Instead of clearly stating his views and intentions he positively lured his comrade on to destruction, and must be held distinctly responsible for the catastrophe of Sedan.

We will now return to Metz. Having failed on August 31 and September 1 to cut his way out, he resigned himself to maintaining his position. What was his duty judged by the facts then known to him? In our opinion he had three courses of action open to him. (1) As far as he knew, MacMahon was still endeavoring to come to his assistance from the north. He ought, therefore, to have made without loss of time another attempt to break through in that direction. (2) He had himself spoken of the possibility of breaking through to the south with the view to an independent campaign. This plan offered some chances of success, and the results, if he had accomplished his aim, would have been important. (3) By maintaining his connection with Metz, and making continual demonstrations and attacks on various points of the circle of investment, he would have harassed the investing force largely, have strained their resources, and probably have obliged them to call for reinforcements or even to raise the blockade. As Marshal Bazaine stated in his memorandum of justification: "The army ought to remain under the walls of Metz, because its presence retained before it more than 200,000 of the enemy; because it thus gave France the time to organize resistance, to the armies in existence the time to form themselves; and because in case of the retreat of the enemy it would harass it, if it could not inflict on it a decisive defeat." As we have shown above, the strength of the investing force was largely exaggerated; it did not exceed 150,000 men at first, while Ba-

zaine's army, plus the garrison, did not fall far short of 140,000 combatants. Had he quitted the place with 100,000 men, leaving behind a garrison of 40,000 men, including sick and wounded, the enemy would have been compelled to have watched or besieged it with 80,000 men at least, under the penalty of seeing an important line of communication with Germany liable to constant interruption. To retain the whole of the army at Metz with the view of merely passive defence simply caused the neutralization of the investing by the invested force, and there was little numerical difference between them. The ostensible decision to which Marshal Bazaine came was that which we have numbered third, namely, the detaining Prince Frederick Charles in front of Metz. We will now proceed to trace the course of events, and judge by the marshal's acts whether he honestly tried to carry out his plan.

On September 4 a major of the staff corps, Samuel by name, sent with a flag of truce to arrange about the exchange of those men who were wounded on August 31 and September 1, brought back the intelligence of the battle of Beaumont, and mentioned that there were reports of a still greater catastrophe. On the 6th some men escaped from Ars brought intelligence of a serious defeat in the north. On the 7th a convoy of exchanged prisoners confirmed this report, and their German escort added that the emperor, with the entire army, had been captured. The news naturally seemed too bad to be true, and was looked on as a trick of the enemy to discourage the army of Metz. On the 9th a fresh batch of exchanged prisoners, however, by their testimony placed the matter beyond a doubt; and on the 10th arrived a Captain Lejoindre, who had read in the *Journal des Débats* an account of the revolution, the proclamation of the republic, and the formation of a provisional government. Marshal Bazaine ordered him to speak to no one on the subject. On the 11th, however, Commandant Samuel, whom business had again taken to the advanced posts, was shown full details of the recent events at Paris in the *Kreuz Zeitung*. There being no longer any prospect of concealing the truth, the marshal assembled the commanders of army corps and the generals of divisions, communicated to them what he had learnt, and requested them to inform the troops under their command. At the same time he stated that after such a disaster as Sedan combats on a large

scale must no longer be thought of, but that in order to keep the troops awake, the commanders of corps were instructed to carry on minor operations.

On September 15, M. Debains, secretary of embassy, having had a conversation at the outposts with some Hessian officers, drew up for the marshal a confidential report of what he had heard. The report terminated with a summary painting the state of affairs in the blackest colors. It is hardly credible, but is nevertheless true, that the marshal, who was by no means as a rule communicative with the senior officers of the army, ordered the officers of the staff to copy this report, in order to send a copy to each general commanding an army corps. The communication of such a document to any one gave rise to the risk of its contents being generally known to the army, and causing discouragement. There was no object either in depressing the spirits of the corps commanders. Besides, the information had been afforded by the enemy, and might have been utterly untrue — some of it was so — and should have been regarded with suspicion. It was simply a very common *ruse de guerre*, and whatever the marshal was he certainly was not deficient in cunning. So struck was the staff-officer employed to have this report copied, with the inadvisability of circulating it, that he remonstrated with the chief of the staff, who spoke to the marshal on the subject. The marshal, however, would only consent to suppress the summary of events at the end of the paper. By the light of after events it is easy to make a probable conjecture, which is that he wished to restrain the martial ardor of his troops, and induce them to pardon his want of energy; also, possibly, he desired to impress them with the idea that it was useless to give in their adhesion to the helpless provisional government. In his vanity and want of principle, he thought himself capable of playing the part of arbiter, or, at all events, of being recognized by the Germans as well as his own countrymen a substantial factor in the problem. What precise course he should adopt in order to attain his object does not seem to have been decided on by this old intriguer of Mexico. In fact, for some days his mind apparently fluctuated. One step he, however, decided on. Under any circumstances, he wished to open communications with the Germans.

Accordingly, about September 15 or 16 — probably on the night between those two days — he wrote to Prince Frederick

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Charles. In his justificatory memorandum he admits having done so; the confession could do him no harm, since the fact had become known, though, by a singular inadvertence, there is no mention of this letter in his register of correspondence. In his justificatory memorandum he begins by saying that in Metz the belief was that the enemy had only sent bad news in order to lower the *morale* of the army, and that it could not be credited that a revolution could have taken place in the midst of a struggle with the invader. He then says, "Not receiving any confirmation of the installation of the new executive power, I wrote to Prince Frederick Charles to ask of him frankly the significance and importance of the events which had occurred." Thus we see him already repenting of the suppression in official documents of the imperial insignia and the word emperor, though it was only on the 15th — *i.e.*, a few hours before writing to Prince Frederick Charles — we also find him for the first time openly playing a political part. The idea of applying for information to one whose interest it was to deceive him is almost amusing in its simplicity. But the marshal was anything but simple, and we may therefore, without injustice, suspect him of merely opening a door to negotiations with the enemy. This supposition is the more reasonable as we do not know what were the real contents of his letter. Some light is, however, thrown on the latter point by the answer which he received. This reply was dated September 16, 8 P.M., but was not despatched till the following morning. The prince excuses himself for not answering sooner on the ground that he was absent on an excursion when the marshal's letter arrived. He gives him an abstract of the state of affairs, and mentions, as it were incidentally, that at Sedan the king of Prussia had declined to enter into political negotiations because there was a regency at Paris. He then states that a republic, which had its origin not in the *corps législatif* but in the Hôtel de Ville, had been proclaimed, and that it had not been recognized by foreign powers, or even universally in France itself. Finally saying that he sends an extract from a newspaper giving details of the constitution of the new government, he winds up with these significant words: "Your excellency will find me ready and authorized to give you all the information which you may desire." This clever letter betrays one of two things: either it had been led up to by the marshal's letter, or

the Germans knew perfectly well the sort of man with whom they had to deal, and were prepared for the step which he took.

On the very day on which the marshal's letter was written, or at all events received — viz. September 16 — the mayor of Ars managed to send into Metz several French newspapers containing the proclamation of the new government to the nation, the announcement that the election of a National Assembly would take place on October 16, and the circular of Jules Favre, stating that the new government was resolved to continue the struggle to the last, and that Paris could hold out three months. On this the marshal issued what must be regarded as a very safe general order. In it he announced what had taken place, and called on the army to remember that its duties towards the country remained unchanged. He, however, did not expressly recognize the new government, and made use of the following significant words: "Let us continue, then, to serve with devotion and the same energy, defending its territory against the foreigner, and social order against evil passions." There is no doubt that he was intensely mortified at Trochu having been preferred to him in the recent arrangements, and wished, without breaking openly with the new government, to flatter the army of Metz with the suggestion that the ultimate fate of the nation was in its hands.

Wishing at the same time to appear loyal to the government of national defence — "to hedge" as it were — he caused to be inserted without commentary a proclamation in which the fall of the empire is represented as due to desertion. On the same day he addressed a despatch to the minister of war, which, however, never reached its destination. In this despatch he asks for news — though he well knew what had occurred — and instructions, and announces his failure to break out on August 31 and September 1, representing the events of those days as two separate attempts. It is to be noted that he gives no information regarding his own position or intentions. As a matter of fact the marshal only sent letters to the government on two subsequent occasions — viz., on September 25 and October 21; yet there are numerous facts to prove that communication between the invested town and the interior of the country was frequent. He did not want to communicate with his own government, but rather to negotiate with the enemy. M. Véron is convinced that such was the case, and the

evidence before the court-martial fully bears out M. Véron's conclusion.

Starting from the day on which, believing in the abdication of the emperor, he saw open before him that horizon when he could say to himself that the future of France was in his hand, and that he might be called upon to play the first part in the near future, he no longer thought of anything but negotiating — to re-establish the empire in the person of Napoleon IV., a child, with a regency supported by the sword of Bazaine — perhaps to become regent himself, who could tell? Once possessed by this idea, by which he seems to have been preoccupied from the commencement of the war, it became impossible for him to think of anything else, and M. de Bismarck feeling him fastened to this hook was too skillful to allow him the time and the means to disengage himself. Bazaine finished by believing himself so sure of attaining his object by negotiations that he forgot his army entirely. Shut up in his Château of Bar St. Martin he became a stranger to his soldiers, whom he left in the most complete inaction. While the Prussians drilled as in garrison, practising the *manège*, and skirmishing, the French army had neither reviews nor exercises. During the two months for which the investment lasted, the commander-in-chief did not once visit the wounded and the sick. He was never seen at Metz. He was completely absorbed in the dreams of ambition which the calculated overtures of the enemy had excited in him.

On September 23 was played the first act of the drama called *l'incident Regnier*. It does not seem that this man acted as the direct agent of either the empress or Bismarck. He was, we believe, simply one of those vain busybodies who in all political crises push themselves to the front, and undertake business far beyond their capacity. Those to whom they offer their services are only half convinced, but on the bare chance of some good resulting they give a qualified authority — generally exaggerated by the recipient — to act as their representative. M. Regnier seems to have been such a person as we have described. We do not imagine that any one believed in him, save perhaps the marshal, who wished to do so. The Germans most certainly only used him to deceive Bazaine, who from his letter to Prince Frederick Charles, had practically announced to that general that he was not unwilling to take part in an intrigue against the government of national defence.

This Regnier was a half-educated man who had trifled with legal and medical studies, had subsequently turned to magnetism, and had mixed himself up with the political events of May and June, 1848.

After serving for a short time in Algeria as an auxiliary doctor he had returned to France and engaged in a commercial undertaking. To quote the report of the court of enquiry: "Regnier is a cunning and audacious man. His manners are vulgar; inordinately vain, he considers himself a profound politician. He has published numerous pamphlets." Such was the character and social status of the man who, on September 23, late in the afternoon, presented himself, in company with a German flag of truce, at the outposts and asked to be taken to the marshal. He was taken to the marshal, and he announced himself as coming from the empress, who was then at Hastings. Asked for his credentials, he said that for fear of being deprived of them on the road he had brought none, but as a proof that he was an authorized agent he produced a photograph of Hastings with the autograph of the prince imperial written on it. There is a good deal of contradictory evidence as to what took place; but it appears clear that he informed the marshal, or led him to infer, that he had established relations with Bismarck, with whom a few days before he had obtained an interview, and that the only means to put an end to the war was by the intervention of the empress-regent, provided that she could rely on the adhesion of the army of Metz. He added that the empress wished Marshal Canrobert or General Bourbaki to be sent to confer with her. On this Bazaine replied that as to sending Canrobert and Bourbaki, he left them free to go or stay as they might choose. Canrobert refused on the score of his health. Bourbaki agreed to go, on condition of obtaining a formal order for his departure and a promise that the guard which he commanded should not be seriously engaged during his absence. These conditions were agreed to by the marshal, and on the 25th, at 5 A.M., Regnier and Bourbaki, with seven members of a Luxemburg society for the relief of sick and wounded, passed through the German lines.

In connection with this affair there are to be noted the following significant circumstances. When Regnier on the 23rd presented himself to the French outposts, the German officer in charge of the flag of truce, in reply to a question from the French officer who received him, professed to know nothing about the man. When on the morning of the 24th he returned to the investing army no difficulty was made about receiving him, and he announced that he would return to Metz

in the course of the day, and he did return. This proved a perfect understanding with the German authorities. Regnier said in his deposition: "I presented to him a view of Hastings, on the back of which the prince imperial had written his signature, and I begged him to be kind enough to join his own to it in order that I might by showing it to M. de Bismarck prove that I had his assent. The marshal granted the signature asked for." The marshal on being interrogated with reference to this incident replied: "I had not a photograph; and he begged me to sign by the side of the signature of the prince imperial, which I did without *arrière-pensée*." It is surely singular that the marshal should have given his signature, as a mere matter of civility, to a perfect stranger, a man of no social or official status, a so-called diplomatic agent who had no credentials, but who had undoubtedly discussed a question of the highest importance. He declared that his signature had no meaning attached to it. Regnier said that it was requested and given as a proof that the marshal was disposed to treat with the enemy concerning the future of France. Both Regnier and the marshal, to judge by their antecedents, were by no means witnesses to whom implicit credence should be given, and both had strong motives for their assertions when examined. The fact remains, however, that the marshal did affix his signature to the photograph, and he can only have done so with one object. Whatever else he was, the marshal certainly was not a simple-minded man.

Another singular fact is that the order for Bourbaki's departure was dated September 15 instead of the 25th, the date on which the document was actually written. The marshal declared that this was due to his imperfect writing, that he really intended to write 25, but that owing to an old wound in his wrist he was unable to form his figures correctly. He added that Bourbaki having received the order on the evening of the 24th, he had the whole night in which to discover the error and get the date rectified. As a matter of fact, Bourbaki started on the evening of the 24th with the intention of at once passing the German lines. The enemy, however, did not reply to the trumpet-sound announcing a flag of truce, and Bourbaki did not quit the French lines till early next morning. It is not strange, therefore, that the general did not notice the error before starting.

To avoid a break in the continuity of

the narrative, we will follow the negotiations thus begun to the end. Regnier had given the marshal to understand that in the course of a few days after his departure from Metz the former should hear from him. He did not keep his word, perhaps he was prevented by the Germans from doing so. Bourbaki also found that he had been sent on a fool's errand. To quote from M. Véron :—

Arrived at Hastings, General Bourbaki saw at the first word that he was not expected, that the Empress did not wish to compromise herself by a direct intervention in the conspiracy woven by Regnier, and returned to France. Not being able to re-enter Metz, he at length decided to go and offer his services to the Government of Tours.

On October 12, Bazaine, having obtained a safe-conduct, sent General Boyer, his first aide-de-camp, to Versailles, provided with a letter for Bismarck, and, as M. Véron reasonably conjectures, furnished "with verbal instructions no doubt more precise." His mission had for its object to try to obtain a military convention. On the 14th he arrived at his destination, and after two interviews with Bismarck started on his return to Metz on the 15th, with, to quote his own evidence before the court-martial, the following decision of the king: "That it was no longer a question at this moment either of a military convention, a capitulation, or the surrender of Metz, but solely of a treaty between the empress and the German authorities in order to fix the basis of peace." General Boyer reached Metz on the 17th, and the marshal at once caused to be announced to the army—with an obviously sinister intention—the information which Bismarck had given to General Boyer, to the effect that "Rennes, Nantes, and many other towns had, like Rouen and Havre, asked for German garrisons; that the members of the government, completely at variance, had separated and returned each in different directions; that Italy reclaimed Nice, Savoy, and Corsica; that religious questions were on the point of causing revolts in La Vendée and Brittany." It is needless to add that this statement was false; but even had it been true the marshal clearly ought to have kept such depressing information to himself. It may here be mentioned that though General Boyer was despatched on this mission by the authority of a council of war, the marshal's personal responsibility is not thereby diminished.

On October 18 there was another coun-

cil of war, in order to hear the result of General Boyer's mission. He related to the assembled officers what had occurred at Versailles, repeating that Bismarck had told him of the dangerous state of France. The marshal—though he possessed newspapers which by no means confirmed this statement—did not attempt to cast any doubt on the accuracy of the assertions in question. It was not his object to do so—quite the reverse, indeed. The result of the council was that the departure of General Boyer for England, in order to induce the empress to arrange a treaty with the Germans, was sanctioned. On October 19, accordingly, he started, and in due course reached England, and saw the empress. She at once placed herself in communication with both the king of Prussia and Bismarck with a view to arranging a treaty of peace; but it soon became evident that the Germans were only fooling Bazaine, and were thoroughly dishonest in their dealings with the empress. Indeed, the duplicity and hypocrisy of Bismarck and his master all through the war and the events which led to it become plainer and plainer the more the facts, as distinguished from mere assertions, are studied.

We will now return to the military events at Metz from the date of the actions of August 31 and September 1. Metz and its neighborhood constituted an intrenched camp, not merely a fortified town with advanced works. An intrenched camp is of considerable value if its proper use be understood, but a snare and a peril in the hands of an unskilful general. It enables a beaten army to reorganize itself; it protects the organization of a force of recruits, or the welding together of materials which are not homogeneous; it permits an army to occupy a position of strategical value without tactical disquietudes; finally, it serves as a temporary place of refuge for beaten or outnumbered forces till relieved by a friendly army. Regarded from a purely tactical point of view, an intrenched camp possesses considerable advantage. The outlying forts and the troops support each other, and the latter assume the offensive with all the more confidence that they know that a means of retreat and a place of refuge are always at hand. Owing to the existence of the forts every portion of the outer line is safe against a *coup de main*. The movable army can, therefore, temporarily abandoning the forts to their own resources for resistance, bring the whole of its men to bear upon a single point—

can, in short, assume the offensive without hesitation or reserve. Should the intrenched camp be invested, it is evident that the investing circle must have a radius which exceeds that of the defensive circle by at least the effective range of artillery, say a mile and a half. Consequently, supposing the troops on both sides to be equally distributed round the two concentric circles at the rate of so many men per yard of perimeter, the investing army will require in theory to be very much more numerous than the invested army. In practice, however, troops do not engage over a long extent in parallel lines; the nature of the ground alone would generally render such a proceeding impossible; but it is the object of a commander, either by deceiving the enemy, by skilful manoeuvring, or by sudden, secret, and unexpected movements, to bring a large body of his own troops to bear on a smaller body of the enemy's troops. The commander of a force surrounded in an intrenched camp enjoys great facilities for applying this fundamental principle of tactics, for he can operate from the centre to the circumference, while to meet his attack the commander of the investing force is compelled to bring up reinforcements by an arc which must be much longer than the straight line used by his opponent. The investing force, unless possessed of an enormous numerical superiority, relies upon the following means to baffle an attempt to break through his lines: constant and acute vigilance, information from spies, a judicious distribution of supports and reserves, a well-organized system of rapidly transmitting intelligence and orders, good means of communication, field-works and obstacles for delaying the progress of the enemy, and, above all, the discipline, mobility, activity, and valor of the troops. To any but troops of the highest quality well commanded, the attempt to invest an intrenched camp is a most perilous undertaking. On the other hand, the invested force, unless it be also composed of excellent troops with an able general at the head of them, cannot turn to account the advantages of its position. This is more especially the case when the invested army is large, for unless an army be well organized, well disciplined, and well handled, mere numerical strength is, in a certain sense, an absolute disadvantage.

In the case of Metz the French army numbered at the capitulation 173,000 of all ranks, including national guards, franc-tireurs, men in hospital, and 23,000 consti-

tuting the garrison. Thus even at the last there must have been available for an offensive movement 120,000 combatants, allowing for keeping up a chain of outposts. The German army never exceeded 170,000 men till after the fall of Strasbourg on September 28, when Prince Frederick Charles was reinforced by a portion of the force which had been employed in the siege of that town. Making, however, allowances for a certain number of men required at the outposts, the sick, etc., we may fairly estimate the largest number of combatants which could, without abandoning the blockade, have been concentrated at a given point at 150,000. Till the reinforcements above mentioned had arrived this number was much lower. But Prince Frederick Charles would have had to guard against serious attempts to break out at various points, and would therefore have hesitated to concentrate at first at any one spot more than 120,000 men—*i.e.*, a number equal to those disposable by Bazaine. The circle of investment moreover, was measured on a circumference, indicated by the different camps and bivouacs, about forty miles long. The most distant of the German troops would therefore have to march twenty miles to reach a point attacked, while the French could all reach it in less than ten miles. Evidently, therefore, if preparations had been made with care and secrecy, and the initiatory movements performed under cover of the darkness, success would have been almost assured to the French, had the attack been executed with vigor by the whole army, leaving it to the garrison to make misleading demonstrations.

We have seen that the engagement of August 31 and September 1 was prepared for and arranged in such a manner that the Germans had a considerable amount of warning. On the evening of August 30 and the following morning Bazaine's intention was obvious, for the attack was not commenced till 4 P.M., and then was not made simultaneously, or with all the means at the marshal's disposal. Had there been any real intention to break out, the attack would have been made about 6 A.M. on August 31, when, if due precautions had been observed, the Germans must have been crushed, and there would have remained twelve hours of daylight for the march. Thionville being only 18½ miles from Metz, and the battle being begun some two or three miles in advance of the town, the advanced guard of the French would have reached their destination early in the afternoon, and all save

the rear-guard would have been close up before dark. It is true that they would have been obliged to fight all the way, but the Germans could not have collected 40,000 men to oppose them till the afternoon. Besides, vigorous demonstrations from Metz in several directions would, to a great extent, have prevented the despatch of reinforcements to the northern portion of the circle of investment. The French would have had to march, say, fifteen miles from the time they came into contact with the German troops, and for 100,000 to 120,000 men, even if three or four roads be available, fifteen miles is a long day's march. But it must be remembered that Thionville being well supplied with provisions and stores, it would have been sufficient to have taken with the army only what is termed by the French the *train de combat*. Bazaine, however, had no intention of breaking out on August 31, or even on September 1. But there was an alternative course of action, which was — to capture the German lines of investment in the direction of Thionville, and, profiting by numerical superiority at the point where he wished to break through, to inflict so heavy a blow upon the German army as to paralyze any attempt on their part to hold Bazaine fast. With secrecy, and an attack carried out with energy, success would probably have attended the effort.

After September 1, there were constant little partisan affairs carried out by a company, or even a smaller body, chiefly for the purpose of collecting forage; the excuse made by Bazaine for not doing more being the bad state of the weather. The Germans would, however, have been as much impeded by the rain as the French. To quote the report of the court of enquiry:—

It had been agreed on August 26 that the troops should be kept in breath by a series of operations, and that the enemy should be harassed. In place of carrying out this programme, limited as it was, the marshal remained completely inactive. To such an extent was his inaction carried that the enemy were able to construct, without being in any way disturbed, the branch line from Remilly to Pont-à-Mousson which, avoiding Metz, connected the Sarrebrück to the Nancy line. In face of the protests which the inactivity of the army produced, the marshal at last decided, about September 20, to order a series of foraging expeditions, having for their object the collecting the provisions contained in the villages near his camp. But he left to the initiative of each of the commandants of army corps the conduct of the operations to be exe-

cuted in front of the camps occupied by their own troops. These operations, for which were required a single direction and the co-operation of all, were destined to fail completely.

The marshal's own explanation of his inactivity when his central position enabled him to fall with superior forces on the enemy, divided into three parts by as many streams, we give in his own words:

The distribution of the troops on the two banks of the Moselle does not constitute a central position from a tactical point of view, the enemy occupying moreover the culminating points of both banks; it is necessary, besides, to leave men to guard the works of the intrenched camp. It is not then possible to surprise the enemy at one point and to overwhelm him with these superior forces, in the topographical condition of Metz and its intrenched camp. From another point of view, the corps composing the army of Metz had suffered considerable losses in the preceding actions, principally in the cadres. It was necessary, therefore, as I have said above, to nurse this army and leave nothing to chance. As to a sortie with the intention of holding the field I judged it impossible after Sedan; the army would have been dispersed, and would have disbanded after the second day's march, considering the strength of the army in the field.

This excuse gives rise to the following obvious remarks: The passage from one bank of the Moselle to the other would have been rendered easy had the bridges improvised between the 8th and 12th of August, and afterwards dismantled, been re-established. The Germans did not neglect this precaution, for one of the first cares of Prince Frederick Charles was to establish bridges by means of which one part of his army could rapidly be brought to the threatened point. As to the commanding positions occupied by the enemy on the left bank of the Moselle, that argument did not apply to the other bank, where the contending forces were on a level. As we have shown, moreover, if Bazaine had attacked the Germans with from 100,000 to 120,000 men, he could have still spared a sufficient force to hold temporarily the works defending the intrenched camp. As to the losses of the French army, the Germans had also suffered heavily, especially in superior officers, many of their battalions being commanded by captains. The French army was animated by a high spirit, wished for nothing better than to fight, and had no need of being nursed. Bazaine certainly left nothing to chance, for by remaining passive he rendered it a certainty that it

must surrender when it had consumed all its provisions, which were diminishing at a rapid rate. In short, it is plain that Bazaine had no intention of breaking out, and merely made the most specious excuses he could think of for his inaction.

Having thus shown what was his plan, we will now show how he carried it out. On September 22 and 23 there were small sorties for the sake of obtaining food. On the 27th the operations were on a more extended scale, three army corps being engaged in the affair, which however was of little moment, only a small portion of the force present being actually thrown into the fight. On October 1 there was a sortie on a small scale, and another on the 2nd. On October 7 there was a sharp engagement at Ladonchamp in which three corps took part, but the sixth corps, under Marshal Canrobert, was chiefly engaged. The loss of the French was 1,195 of all ranks, that of the Germans 1,730. According to Canrobert this operation was ill-judged and profited nothing, there being no provisions left to carry away. This was the last proof of valor that this gallant army was allowed to give. From that date till the capitulation Bazaine allowed his troops slowly to starve without an effort to free themselves.

It is true that he, during the last few weeks of the blockade, pretended to contemplate the possibility of cutting his way out, and for this purpose assembled his corps commanders. The very evening of the combat of Ladonchamp, which, according to M. Véron, Bazaine had ordered perhaps to show that his army was not as helpless as the enemy might believe, "he wrote to the officers commanding army corps, and to the chiefs of special arms, requiring them, after consulting with their generals of division, to give an opinion on the state of affairs within forty-eight hours." Marshal Canrobert, in his evidence before the court-martial, said that his opinion and that of his generals of division was that "the army was in a state to sell its life dearly, but not to keep the field as an army." This, he declared, was likewise the opinion of all the commanders of army corps. They expressed this view at the council of war held on October 10. Marshal Canrobert, when giving his evidence, added, "It was not a question of a capitulation; no one thought of it at that time; it was only a question of a convention." In the report of the court of enquiry we find the substance of the written opinions of the corps commanders, and sometimes their very words. Marshal

Canrobert said that his generals of division,

considering the superior forces of the enemy, considering the fruitless attempts made to quit the lines, considering the almost total destruction of the artillery and cavalry horses, considering the complete exhaustion of provisions, thought that there was cause to treat for an honorable convention—that is to say, to march out with arms and baggage under the condition of not serving against Germany during a time not exceeding a year; in case the conditions imposed by the enemy should not be such as could be accepted by men of honor, they were resolved to pass through the lines of the enemy, cost what it might.

He added that no attempt to obtain a convention should be made as long as provisions lasted. Marshal Lebœuf in his letter admitted that the situation was serious.

The cavalry was [he said] on the point of disappearing; the artillery was already reduced to such a state that it could not horse its parks. . . . We believe that by concentrating our efforts on a portion of the enemy's lines, we have chances to obtain a success which would safeguard the honor of the flag. . . . We do not, however, deceive ourselves as to the difficulties of the enterprise. . . . The generals of the 3rd corps and I, however, are of opinion that we ought, nevertheless, to try the fortunes of war. The *morale* of the officers and that of the soldiers are equal to the circumstances, and the army may be called upon to make a new and great effort, presenting to it a well-defined objective for this decisive struggle.

General Ladmirault, after calling attention to the exhausted state of the insufficiently fed horses of the cavalry, the artillery, and the administration, continued to express his views in the following words:—

Only the infantry remains sufficiently solid, but it is alone, and deprived of the supports indispensable to it in action. Without a park to follow it, it cannot renew the ammunition which it exhausts so rapidly. Its men having been subjected to a reduced diet could no longer execute those rapid marches which place great distances between them and the enemy. . . . Under any circumstances, your excellency may be sure of finding among the troops of the 4th army corps the most energetic devotion to try and carry out the supreme resolutions which you may deem it suitable to take.

General Desvaux, commanding the guard since the departure of General Bourbaki, expressed an opinion that "any attempt to open a way through the hostile army, already attempted without success,

was less practicable than ever with a cavalry become powerless." He advocated "the prolongation of the defence of Metz to the last limits possible, when food came near its end to ascertain the conditions which the enemy would be disposed to impose, and if the honor of the army was to suffer from it to sally out fighting."

General Frossard, commanding the second army corps, considered that there were only two courses to be adopted in order to extricate the army from the situation in which it was placed: to try to open a passage sword in hand; or to conclude with the commander of the enemy's forces a convention permitting the French army to issue regularly constituted and armed, on condition of not taking part in the war during a certain time. General Frossard believed in the possibility of success for the first day, but the second day, the enemy having had time to concentrate, success would be doubtful. Even if, however, the French were successful also on the second day, a disaster on the third day would be certain, considering that the artillery teams were too much starved to drag the guns. As to Metz, he did not think that it could hold out for eight days after it had lost the support of the army—and, being an engineer officer, his opinion necessarily carried weight with it. Under these circumstances General Frossard and his generals of division advocated the conclusion of a convention which should allow the army to issue with arms and baggage, and be in a position to safeguard social order. They considered that this convention should be entered into at once, in order that the soldiers might not be discouraged by famine, and that there might remain some horses capable of drawing the guns.

General Coffinière, commanding engineer and commandant of Metz, was of opinion that an attempt to force a way out would cause the destruction of the army; for it would be surrounded by hostile forces at a great distance, would be without cavalry, artillery, without an objective, and without lines of operations. He added that the provisions of the army would not last beyond the 16th, and those of the place beyond the 20th, and that the town could not hold out longer than eight days after the departure of the army.

On October 10 there was a council of war. Marshal Bazaine began by tracing the situation, going on to say that in spite of all his efforts he had been unable to place himself in communication with the capital, that no official news had reached

him from the government, and that there was no indication of any diversion in favor of the army of Metz by a French army outside. General Coffinière and the intendant-in-chief were then invited to state what were the remaining resources in the way of food. The picture was gloomy indeed. A certain amount of meat could be obtained by sacrificing all the horses, but even with a reduced ration the bread would not hold out beyond the 20th. It was finally settled that, first, the army should remain at Metz as long as possible; secondly, that offensive operations, being useless, should cease; thirdly, that negotiations for a convention should be opened within forty-eight hours; fourthly, that in case the enemy should seek to impose conditions incompatible with the honor and military duty of the army, an attempt should be made to force a passage. This decision was unanimously adopted.

The following reflections suggest themselves: The marshal did not mention that to all appearance the attempt at negotiation through Regnier, Bourbaki, Boyer, and the empress had failed. His lieutenants might therefore hope that by the course they were adopting they were promoting the interests of the imperial dynasty, and increasing the chances of a definitive treaty of peace. He also kept silence concerning the store of provisions at Thionville and Longwy, of the existence of which he was nevertheless aware. The army was of more importance than the city of Metz, but if during the seven weeks of the blockade the fortifications had not been improved to such an extent as to render a long and regular siege necessary before it could be taken, either General Coffinière had neglected his duty, or the art of fortification was an illusion. Had Generals Coffinière and Frossard of the engineers, and the other officers present, many of whom had served in the Crimea, no recollection of what Todleben had done to increase the strength of Sebastopol even after the besiegers had broken ground? As to an attempt to cut their way through the besiegers' lines, we are ready to admit that it had become almost impossible at that time, owing to the weakness of the men, the number of horses which had died or been killed for food, and the exhaustion of those which survived. It certainly had been feasible up to the end of September. One thing, however, seems to have been lost sight of, viz., that though an attempt to reach Thionville, 18½ miles from Metz, presented few chances of success on October 10, there

was still another means by which the valor and high spirit of the French soldiers, shown so conspicuously as lately as October 7, might have been turned to account. What rendered an attempt to force a way to Thionville almost a desperate undertaking? The opposition offered by the Germans within a few thousand yards of the camps of the different French corps. Had Bazaine resolved to give battle on the line itself of investment, and to try to shatter the German army by hard fighting, the siege would have been raised and the obstacle above mentioned removed. For such a battle the teams of the guns could have been reduced, the ammunition carried on the person would have sufficed, and baggage and knapsacks might have been left in Metz. With proper precautions, the French would always have been superior at the decisive point during at least twenty-four hours.

Continuing now the melancholy narrative of the last few days of the blockade: Bazaine despatched General Boyer to Versailles after the close of the council of war of the 10th, and he returned on the 17th. On the 18th Bazaine held another council, in order that General Boyer might give an account of his mission. Boyer stated that, as a preliminary condition to allowing the army to quit Metz, Bismarck required that the army of Metz should pronounce in favor of the regency, that at the same time the empress-regent should issue a manifesto calling on the nation to declare the form of government which it desired, and that a delegate of the regency should accept the bases of a treaty between the regency and the German powers.

M. Véron comments on the conduct of the marshal that he

avoids mention of the information brought by General Boyer on the political and military situation of France, as at the meeting itself he took care to say nothing which might enlighten his lieutenants as to the falseness of this information. It was, however, the principal point. It is evident that if the generals whom he consulted had known that France, far from giving up the contest, as was said, was full of ardor and patriotism, and was preparing in every direction for a struggle *à outrance*, some of them would have rejected with horror the idea of treating with an enemy whose victory was not yet certain. Bazaine knew that better than any one, and it is precisely why he left them in ignorance of all that could stimulate them to an energetic resistance. To cover or diminish his responsibility it was necessary that they should appear to associate themselves with his machinations, and to force their will he made them believe

that the combination which he proposed to them was the only possible issue from a situation absolutely desperate not only for the army of Metz but for the whole of France. His falsehood had all the success which he could desire. The most energetic renounced the idea of a sortie which could only end in a useless disaster, since France, they were told, no longer even thought of defending herself.

The result was that by six votes to two it was declared that Boyer should proceed to the empress.

On the 24th Bazaine received from Bismarck a letter in which, pretending that none of the indispensable guarantees had been given, he practically closed the negotiations. The marshal, on receiving this letter, sent General Changarnier to Prince Frederick Charles

to demand the neutralization of the army and the territory which it occupies, with a local armistice permitting the necessary revictualing, and to offer to appeal to the deputies, and the powers constituted in virtue of the constitution of May, 1870, to treat for peace between the two Powers. In case the first article should not be accepted, the general was to ask that the army should be interned at some place in French territory, to fulfil there the same mission of keeping order. Finally, if he could obtain nothing, he was to demand, in the conditions of a capitulation rendered necessary by the want of food, that the army should be sent to Algeria.

As might have been expected, Changarnier's mission failed, and there was nothing left but to capitulate. General de Cissey was sent to the chief of the German staff to ask what terms would be granted in the event of a capitulation, which was not to include the surrender of the town of Metz. He was told that the terms would be the same as those granted to MacMahon, and that the fate of the town could not be separated from that of the army. This answer was communicated to a council of war assembled on the 26th. The officers present discussed the clauses of the protocol brought back by General de Cissey, in order to see if some means could not be discovered for obtaining rather better terms. General Jarras, chief of the staff, was then ordered to meet the German chief of the staff, with authority to fix and sign the terms of the convention, as the French persisted in calling it, though it was really a capitulation. Before starting, General Jarras had an interview with the marshal, and received certain instructions. Just before this interview the intendant-general came in, exclaiming, "Good news, I have found bread for four days!" but the marshal

did not seem to attach any value to this important intelligence. One would have thought that he would have instructed General Jarras to drag out the negotiations, for, as the French regulations say, the commandant of a place "is not to lose sight of the fact that on the advancement or delay of surrender by a single day may depend the salvation of the country." As we shall show presently, a delay of a few days would have greatly increased the chances of success of the army of the Loire. When General Jarras met General Stiehle, the former was about to discuss the principal clauses of the protocol, but was stopped by the latter, who said that all these had been settled by Generals Changarnier and de Cissey, and that General Jarras had only to draw up under the form of a convention the articles contained in the protocol which General de Cissey had taken to the French headquarters. A discussion then arose "as to certain concessions, especially permission to the French officers to retain their swords." General Stiehle was, however, immovable, alleging the positive orders of the king. On this General Jarras said that he must return to the marshal for fresh instructions. General Stiehle then proposed that, to save time, the articles on which there was no dispute should be drawn out, and produced his "full powers." General Jarras had designedly left his behind, in order to have, if necessary, an excuse for deferring the signature of the capitulation. He, however, said: "However, I am very strongly of opinion that my signature would have been accepted the same evening if I had consented to give it; *it was easy to see that the enemy were anxious to have done with the army of Metz.*" We have italicized the latter part of the paragraph, for it is of considerable importance.

Eventually it was decided that the question of officers' swords should be referred to the king, while as regarded the army as a whole, one of two alternative clauses, termed the German, refused this concession, the other, termed the French, granted it. At 3 A.M. on the 27th this long conference ended, and General Jarras left with an understanding that he was to return that day at 5 P.M. Between 8 and 9 A.M. General Jarras saw the marshal and reported what had taken place. The marshal approved of General Jarras's conduct, and accepted the offer to march out with the honors of war. The same day at 1 P.M. arrived a letter from General Stiehle granting permission to the officers to re-

tain their swords and to the army the honors of war. To his intense astonishment the marshal declined to accept the *défilé* — the marching past — though that is the essential part of the "honors of war." General Jarras remonstrated, but without effect, the marshal saying that he did not refuse the honors of war, but only the *défilé*. He ended by saying that perhaps the matter might be arranged by accepting in the convention the article in question, but agreeing verbally that it should not take place. It is difficult to understand Bazaine's conduct; indeed it is incomprehensible that a general should refuse a public testimony to the estimation in which he and his army were held by the victorious enemy. The marshal, in his defence, pretends that he was afraid that a collision might take place between his troops and those of the enemy. The excuse is ingenious, but we cannot accept it, and are ourselves of opinion that Bazaine was afraid of an insult or an injury to himself. He knew that he was hated and despised, and wished to consummate his baseness as unostentatiously as possible. This was also the opinion of the prosecution. As to the proposal that the "honors of war" should be granted in writing, but that the concession should not be accepted in fact, it is characteristic of the marshal's cunning yet shallow mind, and is one more proof of how little he was actuated by feelings of honor, and is worthy of the man who, when commanding in Mexico, established in the capital of that country a shop where goods which by a fraudulent manœuvre had not paid customs duties were sold for his profit.

During the interview above mentioned the marshal instructed General Jarras to inform General Stiehle that it was the custom of the French army after a revolution to destroy the colors which had been given them by the superseded government. He added that it was in his knowledge that some colors had already been burnt. Jarras remonstrated, but Bazaine persisted.

On reaching the German headquarters, to the surprise of General Stiehle, Jarras refused the *défilé*, and made the communication concerning the colors. General Stiehle plainly showed that he did not believe Bazaine's story, and rejected the proposal that there should be a verbal understanding at variance with the written clause about the honors of war. He expressly stated that the Germans exacted the delivery of all the colors at that moment existing. Finally, in the course of

the night, the capitulation was signed, and General Jarras made his report to the marshal on the following morning very early. The council of war was at once assembled, and soon separated, after approving what General Jarras had done. On leaving the council Colonel Nugues, of the staff, informed General Jarras that the preceding evening — *i.e.*, the 27th — he had received from the marshal orders to draw up a circular letter to the commanders of army corps instructing them to send their colors to the arsenal that they might be burnt. But that afternoon a letter was received from General Stiehle insisting on the colors not being destroyed and asking the number remaining. The marshal ordered a reply to be written saying that no colors had been burnt since the signature of the capitulation, that the number which remained was about forty-one, and that they had been deposited at the arsenal. The end of the story of the colors, apparently of little importance to civilians, but highly interesting to soldiers, was as follows: the order to the general commanding the artillery to instruct the director of the arsenal to burn the colors was never written. On the contrary the general commanding the artillery, on the 27th, wrote in the name of the commander-in-chief of the army to the director of the arsenal directing him to receive and preserve the colors. "They will form part of the inventory of the *matériel* of the place, which will be drawn up by a commission of French and Prussian officers." Fortunately some generals and colonels took the matter into their own hands and destroyed their colors themselves. It is plain that the marshal never intended that the colors should be burnt, and he was the more determined to preserve them for the enemy when General Stiehle informed him that if the number of colors given up did not appear sufficient none of the clauses of the convention should be observed. He hoped by his complaisance probably to secure better personal treatment from the Germans.

At noon on October 29 the capitulation was carried into effect, the marshal having on the previous day issued an order of the day beginning: "Vanquished by famine, we are obliged to undergo the laws of war in constituting ourselves prisoners." That the army was reduced to great extremity when it surrendered is undeniable; but we will proceed to ascertain, first, whether by the adoption of proper measures its misery during the blockade could not have been alleviated; secondly, whether it could not,

in spite of the little care taken to husband resources, have yet held out a few days longer. To go minutely into the matter would take up too much space. We shall therefore deal summarily with this subject. The report of the court of enquiry is very instructive. Marshal Bazaine can only be considered fairly responsible for the provisioning of Metz from the date of his return to that town after the battle of Gravelotte. From that time, though the blame may be divided between him and General Coffinière, the commandant, the responsibility must rest, nevertheless, full on the marshal. There were five steps which it was incumbent on him to take: (1) to collect from the neighborhood all the food and forage which could be found, (2) to regulate the distribution of food among the civil population and prevent waste, (3) to get rid while there was yet time of useless mouths, (4) to establish a rigorous search in the town and suburbs for private stores, (5) to reduce the rations to the smallest amount compatible with health. There was an abundance of food and forage at first between the town and the enemy's lines, and no lack of carriage. In the valley of the lower Moselle the granaries and barns were bursting with the recent harvest. The marshal could have made use of his numerous cavalry for nearly a week to forage in this district, for only on the 22nd did the German cavalry begin to watch, and it was not occupied seriously for some days later. The Germans profited by the opportunity which the French neglected.

Nor was the marshal only guilty of not collecting as much food and forage as he could. What was collected was not economized. Not till October 12 was the committee of superintendence of siege provisions required by the regulations appointed. Again, the civil inhabitants, 70,000 in number, were not placed on rations till October 14, and then only in consequence of the protests of some officers of the National Guard. As to the troops, for want of due supervision and proper regulations, they, especially the officers, bought up at a high price much of the bread in the town. Horses were in many cases fed with bread, and there were frequent instances of ammunition bread being exacted by men who had bought white bread in the town. From September 12 till October 8 the horses of the army were fed on wheat by the marshal's order. Yet on the latter date he issued an order which read as if the practice had been unauthorized. It is true

that there was little else to give the poor animals, but of what avail to keep them alive if he had determined not to cut his way out? It would have been wiser, as well as more humane, to have slaughtered all but a very few, and to have fed these few properly. Bazaine had, however, always in his mind the hope of being allowed to quit Metz with his army in order to play a political part.

Evidently, whatever happened, it was of the utmost importance to reduce the rations of the men to what was strictly necessary for the preservation of health. What the marshal actually did was the following. From August 26 he reduced the rations from the extraordinary field to the ordinary allowance, and further reductions followed. In the report of the court of enquiry it is stated that, leaving out of consideration the increase of resources which would have been the result of ordinary energy and forethought, and taking account only of the food that was actually available, the result of a judicious economy from September 2 would have been a gain as regards bread of 34 days. As to meat, if from September 2 only those animals destined for the butcher had been fed there would have been an equal gain. Thus the army and the civil inhabitants would have been provided with food up to November 29 inclusive. It is, moreover, asserted that at the close of the siege a substantial amount of food hidden by individuals was produced. General Coffinière, commandant of the town, in a proclamation addressed to the civil population, said that the capitulation might be deferred four or five days, but the delay would be useless. M. Véron on this point expresses himself with justifiable indignation:—

Useless, a prolongation of resistance for four or five days when they knew that on all sides there were being organized new armies, for which the question of days might be vital!—when General Jarras stated that the Prussians were so anxious to finish that on the evening of the 26th, in spite of the impossibility of presenting his "full powers" which he had forgotten, his signature would have been accepted immediately if he had consented to give it!—when the army of the Loire, already sufficiently strong to defeat the Prussians ten days later at Coulmiers, could hope to succeed in raising the blockade of Paris if the 200,000 men of Prince Frederick Charles had been retained in front of Metz one week longer!

What would have been the result of a week gained for the French it is of course impossible to say, but we can certainly

affirm with confidence that the chances of success of the army of the Loire would have been largely increased. So critical, indeed, did the state of affairs appear to the Germans, that after the victory of Coulmiers the German headquarter staff at Versailles kept their *fourgons* packed for several days. Their fears would have been indeed well founded had Bazaine not only continued his resistance till November 29, but by continued sorties to a short distance convinced Prince Frederick Charles that all his men and efforts were needed. But thanks either to the carelessness of Bazaine with regard to spies or to private correspondence with the prince, the latter knew well how matters stood, and six days before the capitulation the latter was well aware that only a few days' more food remained in Metz. The proof of this knowledge is afforded by the fact that as early as October 24 a portion of the investing force was allowed to commence its march to the west, and that on the 24th General Stiehle had shown General Changarnier a train of provisions. "These," said the chief of the German staff, "are provisions which I have caused to come for your famished army." But Prince Frederick Charles knew well from the missions of Regnier and Bourbaki, as well as from Bazaine's attitude, that the marshal, provisions or no provisions, had no intention of quitting Metz save with the concurrence of the Germans. This was even then suspected in the French army. Colonel d'Audlan, in a letter to the *Indépendance Belge*, thus describes a curious incident of the siege:—

Many sagacious spirits divined the evil at the beginning; many brave hearts wished to anticipate it, and I tell you that it is an honor for me to have been one of the authors of the conspiracy which was formed in the first days of October, to force Bazaine to march or resign. Generals Aymard, Courcy, Clinchant, Péchot, Colonels Boissonnet, Lewal, Davoust, d'Audlan, and I—we wished with all our strength to get out of the *impasse* to which we were being precipitated, and which the others did not see, or did not wish to see. . . . But we had need of a leader, a general of division, whose name and seniority would have rallied round us the army with which we should have arrested the chiefs. Well, not one would take this responsibility; not one had heart enough to put himself forward to save, at the same time, the army and France. Ah, they are very culpable, both the generals and the marshals, and they will have a strict account to give to history, and perhaps the tribunals!

General Changarnier was one of those

asked by General Clinchant and his friends to put himself at the head of the movement. He declined to take any part in the affair, calling those moving in it traitors, and saying, "I would sooner the army perish than see it saved by indiscipline."

Of course it is a dangerous doctrine that officers should constitute themselves judges of the conduct of their commander-in-chief, and, convicting him without formal trial, depose him from his command. This was, however, a special case not to be judged by ordinary rule. The salvation of the army depended on the action of the army, and it was manifest that the marshal, who had let slip so many opportunities of using the army with effect, was not likely to change his course when the favorable chances of success had largely diminished. His conduct was due either to treason or incapacity; that was clear. It was, therefore, in our opinion the duty of the army to place at its head some one in whose loyalty, courage, and ability it had confidence.

To return to the capitulation. By it were surrendered to the Germans 173,000 officers and men, including the garde mobile, the francs-tireurs, and the douaniers, 11,665 pieces of artillery, more than three millions of projectiles, 23,000,000 cartridges, 124,000 chassepots, 150,000 muskets of old pattern, 53 colors, 9,000 limbers and carriages, and a large quantity of powder and other stores. Here again we must interrupt the course of our narrative in order to say a few words about the surrender of the colors and *matériel*. It was clearly Bazaine's duty, when he determined on a capitulation, to destroy all the colors and all the *matériel* not needed for the last two or three days. We have related the story of the colors. As to the *matériel* there was a discussion at the council of war on October 24; but it was put an end to by the remark of one of the members, who observed that "it would be more dignified not to commit any destruction which might give rise to grave disorder." It is tolerably certain that Bazaine would have evaded a contrary decision. Of course the Germans would have been furious, and would have granted nothing but unconditional surrender; but what would have been the result? The answer is simple. The officers would have been deprived of their swords and personal effects, and the civic population would have been treated with some harshness. Such a price, however, would not have been too high a price to pay for de-

priving the enemy of the symbols of military honor and a quantity of carriages and stores which were of great value to them.

Bazaine, however, showed himself in every respect egotistical and wanting in sentiments of honor. Throughout the siege he had only thought of personal consequences and objects. He had shut himself up in his quarters, and never visited either the camps or the hospitals. Indeed, he carried his selfishness to such an extent that, once the farewell order written, on October 28, he had taken no steps either to ensure the troops being fed on the 29th, or to secure the proper winding up of the business of the headquarters office. He washed his hands of the army altogether, and thought but of placing himself out of reach of the insults and even attacks which he dreaded might be made on him. He had good reason for fear, having been plainly told by one of his officers that he was detested. Writing, therefore, to Prince Frederick Charles to ask permission to present himself at the German headquarters on the morning of the 29th in order to constitute himself a prisoner, he did not even wait for a reply. Setting off at 8 A.M. on the 29th, on the road he met a German officer, who brought him a letter from Prince Frederick Charles, refusing the request which he had made, and intimating that he could not pass the French lines till 5 P.M. on that day or 9.30 A.M. on the 30th. He dared not, however, return to his headquarters, but continued his journey to Moulins, the last village occupied by the French, and there he hid himself in the most remote house. At 4 P.M. he resumed his journey, and crossed the German lines at the village of Ars. He found the inhabitants awaiting his arrival, and, to quote the words of Colonel d'Audlan in his "Metz, Campagne et Négociations," they "received him with cries, hootings, and hisses. They even threw stones at his carriage; it was necessary for the Prussian gendarmes to rescue the traitor from the indignation of the crowd, and conduct him to Prince Frederick Charles's quarters at the Château of Corny."

Thus ended in everlasting shame the military career of the most ignoble soldier who ever received the bâton of marshal of France. This catastrophe did not take every one by surprise. His conduct in Mexico had been so unprincipled, so rascally in every respect, that it had been even a question at one time of trying him by court-martial. The emperor could not, however, afford to dispense with

the support of one who was undoubtedly personally fearless, was supposed to be well versed in the art of war, was credited with influence in the army, and whose want of scruples rendered him a useful instrument of a despotic government. It was thought that considerations of self-interest would have secured his fidelity; and instead, therefore, of being sent before a court-martial, he became the pet of the fêtes at Compiègne. Unfortunately for the emperor, unfortunately for France, he saw in the war an opportunity of obtaining supreme political power, and to his unmeasured ambition and sordid greed he sacrificed his master, his army, and his country. That he was guilty of deliberate treason from the time he assumed the command of the army, those who have read this article can scarcely doubt, for he was wanting neither in courage nor military capacity. The proofs alleged against him make it clear that he thought not of defeating or escaping from the enemy, but solely of becoming the arbiter of the fortunes of France. His defence is valueless against the evidence not only of witnesses, but of his own acts and writings. He, in short, convicts himself, and his habitual trickery and his ingrained habits of falsehood render it impossible to accept his own word on any subject. We not only consider the accusation fully proved against him, but we believe that his conduct was even worse than it appeared to be. We have indeed a moral certainty that had it not been for his own cunning and the interested objects of the Germans, the evidence against him would have been much more damning than it was. To those who are charitably disposed to give him the benefit of a doubt, to attribute his inaction at Metz either to want of energy or to a feeling of loyalty towards the emperor, we will put a single question, with which we shall conclude this article: Assuming that he had guilty designs, could he have set more systematically to work to carry them out than he did?

From The Cornhill Magazine.
HOW FRANZ REDEEMED HIS PROMISE.

PART I.

"FRANZ, how about the Lyskamm tomorrow? The weather looks settled."

"The weather is good, Herr, but —"

"But what, Franz?"

"I do not like the Lyskamm."

"And why don't you like the Lyskamm, Franz?"

"Herr, there is a fearful cornice there this year."

"We'll take our chance of that. We can't tell what it's like till we try, and if we find it too bad, we can always turn back. When must we start?"

"It will be time if we leave here at two."

"Good! Then you'll call us about one. Guten Abend, Franz."

"Guten Abend, Herr; schlafen sie wohl."

The above conversation took place one exquisite August evening outside the old Riffel Hotel. Table d'hôte was over, and the usual assemblage of climbers, guides, and others was there, watching the declining light of a most glorious sunset fading slowly away from the mighty precipices of the Matterhorn, and from the other summits of that, to my mind, the grandest range in all the Alps.

The season up to that time had not been a good one, and but little climbing had been done; but, with the prospect of fine weather, of which that morning had given unmistakable promise, every one took heart, and the number of expeditions that were at once planned for the following day was something astonishing.

Every available guide was "booked," and the courteous lady who at that time presided over the Riffel was at her wits' end to know where to accommodate all who asked that night for sleeping-space. I myself was not a novice at climbing, having already spent several seasons in the Alps, and for some years I had been a member of the Alpine Club. I had been up most of the great peaks around Zermatt, but I had not yet ascended the Lyskamm (14,889 feet), and it was for the purpose of doing the Lyskamm that I had come up to the Riffel.

I was accompanied by a fellow-member of the Alpine Club named Burns, an admirable climber and a charming companion, and I had my guide Franz, who had been with me on most of my previous expeditions, and in whose steadiness and skill I had reason to have the greatest confidence. Franz was a man of forty or so, tall, and of splendid physique, with a good, honest, weatherbeaten countenance, to which a long moustache gave a somewhat military appearance.

In intelligence he was greatly superior to the ordinary run of guides, for he could talk well upon other subjects besides the one topic of mountains.

Burns and I, being in some favor with the authorities at the Riffel, were fortunate in getting a room to ourselves; but a score or so of travellers, for whom no other space could be found, had to repose as best they could on the floor of the *salon*, and lucky were they who could secure a mattress, for even mattresses gave out at last.

We turned in early; but, as I can never sleep on the eve of an expedition, I was not sorry when Franz's knock, soon after one o'clock, warned us that it was time to be up. This getting up is, I think, the most disagreeable part of an expedition.

I have a particular objection to dressing in a bad light, feeling all the while only half awake, and — but low be it spoken — more than half disposed to envy those who are not leaving their beds at such an unearthly hour.

I dislike, too, the early breakfast — a melancholy meal, to be got over as expeditiously as possible; and on this point every one seems to be agreed, for at the Riffel, at all events, I have observed that it is usually despatched in solemn silence. The very look of the sleepy servant who brings in the coffee exercises a depressing influence, as well it may.

Then there is that getting into boots (for I am not one of those inconsiderate individuals who puts his on up-stairs and comes pounding down, to the detriment of sleep in those who do not happen to be getting up so early), and boots, to begin with, feel hard, if not absolutely uncomfortable.

But, after all, what are these minor disagreeables beside the extraordinary amount of pleasure that is to be got out of climbing? They perhaps make it all the pleasanter, if we did but know it.

We were rather earlier than the majority, but there were two or three sleepy-looking individuals in the breakfast-room, evidently novices bound for Monte Rosa, giving one the idea by their appearance that they were already beginning to think climbing a mistake rather than otherwise.

It was close upon two o'clock — the hour Franz had named — when we got off, and we were soon on our way towards the G6rner Glacier. The date was August 13, 187—.

Our party had received an addition in the shape of a porter whom Franz had engaged over night — a big, good-natured-looking fellow, and a very useful man to have on a rope, as we found subsequently.

The morning was splendid, and the stars shone down upon us from a cloudless

sky, but still Franz seemed dissatisfied, and complained more than once of its feeling close. The atmosphere was certainly heavy, but as we neared the glacier there came towards us a breath of cold air deliciously refreshing and inspiring.

It was still dark when we reached the ice, but before we had crossed the glacier the day had commenced to break, and behind the giant mass of Monte Rosa and the Lyskamm there came over the heavens that pale, unearthly hue which is seen at times when snow and sky intermingle. It was a superlatively fine morning, and, save for a few saffron-colored clouds floating above the Weisssthor, the sky was perfectly clear.

We breakfasted near the well-known halting-place for parties making the ascent of Monte Rosa, and soon afterwards we left that mountain on our left to keep on up the Grenz Glacier towards the summit of the Lysjoch.

It seemed certain now that we should have a fine day, but Franz was clearly ill at ease, and grumbled constantly about the heat in the night, saying that he feared that we should find the Lyskamm ar6te in bad condition.

His spirits, though, recovered somewhat as we got higher, and certainly the weather left little to be desired, for a flood of golden sunlight spread over rock and snow, till even the hollow of the glacier in which we stood became bathed in the glorious light. Indeed we could not have chosen a more perfect day for our expedition.

We made rapid progress, for we were what is known as a "fast" party, and while it was still early we reached the foot of the terrible ar6te which rises straight up from the glacier till it culminates in the summit of the Lyskamm.

To my mind this ar6te constitutes one of the nastiest bits of climbing in the Alps. It is not difficult, but it is long, and almost its whole length dangerous. Its danger arises from the cornice, which in an immense mass hangs over on to the Italian side of the mountain. The actual ridge is so sharp, and on either side the face of the cliff falls away so steeply to the glacier, that the greatest care is necessary in order to keep on the ridge itself without trespassing upon the cornice, which, being formed of frozen snow only, is liable to crumble away at the slightest touch. So deceptive is a cornice of this description that even good guides are at a loss to distinguish sometimes between what is safe and what is not; while to a

novice what may appear to be one broad smooth surface of snow may be safe to tread upon only to the width of a few inches.

It is this difficulty of telling where the firm ground ends and where the cornice begins that constitutes the danger of the Lyskamm arête. More than once it has led to mistakes on the part of guides, and it was such that caused one of the most awful tragedies that ever occurred to mountaineers—the fatal accident to Messrs. Lewis and Patterson's party in 1878. The Lyskamm by this route is emphatically not an ascent to be recommended.

Franz was ever celebrated for his caution, and on this day he exercised even more than his ordinary care. Not a step did he take without first testing the snow in front with the point of his ice-axe, so as to make sure of what was ahead, and he never moved forward until quite convinced that it was safe to do so.

Thus our progress was slow, and it was not till nearly eleven o'clock that we topped the final ridge and stood together upon the summit of the Lyskamm.

The view, exquisitely bright and clear as the sky was that day, was a marvelously beautiful one, but it is not within my province to describe it here, and, indeed, were I to make the attempt, I should fail to convey an idea of the impression it made upon me at the time. Besides, it was not for long that we were permitted to enjoy it, for Franz was all eagerness to be down the arête before it got much later.

We were soon on the rope again. Franz led, then I came, then Burns, and the porter—an admirable man for the purpose, on account of his weight and strength—brought up the rear. It was in this order that we commenced the descent.

All went well at first. Each man was careful to use the rope as the rope *ought* to be used—that is, by keeping it taut between himself and his man in front. Franz moved downwards carefully, and at each step sounded the snow with his axe as he had done on the way up. The position, in fact, was one which needed care.

Upon our left the face of the mountain fell sharply away to the glacier below, a distance of over three thousand feet, and we dared not leave the edge of the arête to pass on to it; for upon this face there lay a quantity of fresh snow in a loose and dangerous condition. On our right lay the dreaded cornice.

Suddenly Franz halted. Something

seemed to trouble him, for more than once he struck his axe into the snow in front of and beside him without moving forward. He called to me to pay out the full length of rope between myself and him, which I did, and again he advanced a few steps. Then he stopped, and turning round to me, in slow tones said, "Herr, be very careful how you tread here; take care only to put your feet in the steps I make, for"—and this he added very impressively—"we are in great danger here."

He had hardly spoken—in fact, the words were still in his mouth—when I heard a loud crack. It was a sound such as I have never heard before or since, and I can only describe it as being like the grate of a heavy wagon upon frozen snow. Then, without further warning, the side of the mountain seemed to break away, and with it Franz disappeared.

For one second I felt paralyzed. The next, scarcely knowing what I did, but with the instinct of self-preservation strong within me, I sprang to the left over the precipice, on to the opposite side to that on which poor Franz had disappeared. The rope ran out to its full length, and then I found myself powerless to move, anchored tightly to the edge of the arête, and with a strain upon my chest from the pressure of the rope which was wellnigh intolerable. Burns and the porter had seen what was coming, and had thrown themselves flat, so that when the jerk caused by my leap had come, they were well prepared to meet it.

For a few seconds, though, it was a deadlock. Then I heard a faint voice, which seemed to come from Franz, calling for help. Somehow or other, but how I hardly know to this day, Burns so managed to slacken the rope that I was enabled to scramble up on to the arête again, and then the three of us set to work to haul up Franz. It was not an easy matter, but presently an ashen face appeared over the edge, and with some help from himself we succeeded in raising Franz to a position beside us.

He was badly shaken, and the horror of the situation, as well it might, had clearly affected his nerves. Until rescued his life literally hung upon a thread; for he had remained suspended over an awful precipice many thousand feet in height, with nothing but the rope round his waist between him and certain destruction. His face was very white, and a small wound on his forehead, from which the blood was slowly trickling, gave him a ghastly

appearance; but there was a strange look in his eyes as he grasped my hands, and exclaimed, with all the energy of deep gratitude,—

"Herr, you have saved my life. Think not that I shall forget. Mark this. You will one day be in difficulty, in danger; but fear not, Franz will be there, and he will have come to save your life."

He was greatly excited, and it was to this fact that I felt inclined to attribute his words; but yet there was a strange earnestness in the manner he spoke which impressed me deeply in spite of myself, and with an inward presentiment (I can call it nothing else) that some day or other they would inevitably come true.

From what we learnt subsequently it appeared that, in spite of Franz's precautions, our upward track had in one place passed over a portion of the cornice. Franz had become aware of this, but in trying to avoid the danger in the descent had brought about the very thing he feared, the touch of his axe having started the great snow cornice, forty feet or so of which doubled up and bounded down the mountain-side, carrying Franz along with it. As a matter of fact, it was a very narrow escape for all of us; for, had any other member of the party gone through the snow as well as Franz, the others could not have held, and must have been dragged down too. I shuddered involuntarily as I gazed into the abyss into which we should have fallen, and thought that there would not have been much left of us by the time we reached the bottom.

No further incident occurred during the descent, but, from having to go slowly on Franz's account, it was not till late in the evening that we got back to the Riffel.

Two days later I said good-bye to Franz, who seemed getting well over his accident, and made my way back to England, leaving Burns to carry on a career of conquest which the admirable weather up to the close of the season gave him every facility for doing.

When I took leave of Franz that time at the Riffel I did not think that I should nevermore set eyes on him. Did I say *nevermore*? Yes, nevermore, *at least in this life*.

It was in December of that same year that I heard of Franz's death. He fell a victim to his passion for chamois-hunting. It appeared that he had been out one day after a heavy fall of snow, and had perished in an avalanche, his body being swept away no one knew whither. Nothing but his hat and the shattered remains

of his rifle, indeed, were ever found of him again, and it was only by their recovery that it was guessed what his fate had been.

To lose Franz was like losing an old friend. Sadly I thought over his many admirable qualities, qualities so seldom combined in one of his class. His truth and honesty, his cheerfulness and good-nature, his skill, his courage in moments of danger; and then I called to mind that last expedition which we took together (pity that it should have been the last!), and how near the end had been that day. To what purpose had his life been spared but these few months longer? And as I thought, of a sudden those words of his came back to me with a force positively startling.

"You will one day be in difficulty, in danger, but fear not, Franz will be there, and he will have come to save your life." Poor fellow! It was scarce worth while to think about it. Unless the grave gave up its dead, Franz could never now redeem his promise.

PART II.

It had been snowing heavily all the morning. Matters were beginning to look serious. Midday amongst the glaciers in the most awful weather, and not one member of the party in the least conscious of our bearings, was a prospect, to say the least, not very reassuring. A dense mist hanging over us, heavy snow in the sky, heavier snow underfoot, a wilderness of white on all sides and no prospect of any improvement. Such was our position on August 13, 188—.

For five years subsequent to our adventure on the Lyskamm I had not been to the Alps. Increase of work, and the dislike of having to get a strange guide in Franz's place, had kept me away; but with the old love of the mountains still strong within me, I had gravitated once more to my old campaigning ground. I had engaged no regular guide for the season, for my days for vigorous climbing were over, and I now felt that I must relegate to myself only passes, with perhaps an occasional peak.

I was doing that delightful series of easy expeditions known as the "tour of Monte Rosa." I had crossed the Weiss-thor with some friends to Macugnaga, and from there alone with one guide (not quite a wise proceeding, perhaps) I had made my way over the Colle delle Loccie to the little mountain inn in the Colle d'Olen, with the intention of returning again to Zermatt by

the Lysjoch. I had thought it possible that I might be able to pick up a man at the Colle d'Olen to make a third on the rope, but on arriving there, to my disgust, I found that no one was available.

I scarcely knew what to do for the best. To attempt to cross the Lysjoch alone with one man was an act of folly I had not the least intention of committing. Of other alternatives one was to send down the guide I had with me to the valley to bring up a companion (which meant loss of time and expense), or else to wait where I was on the chance of some other party bound for Zermatt turning up, to whom I might ask leave to attach myself.

I was sitting sunning myself in front of the inn, and thinking over matters, when a cheery voice hailed me, and who should appear toiling up the stony path leading from the valley but my old friend Burns, whom I had not the smallest idea that I should meet on this side of the Alps.

Burns was now a leading light of the legal profession; he was even spoken of mysteriously as a future judge, but anything more unjudicial than his manner in the Alps it was impossible to imagine, and to me he was ever the same admirable companion and friend that he had ever been.

He had left a party of friends at the Italian lakes, and had come "to do a walk," as he termed it, in the mountains, and he had brought with him temporarily a young Italian guide named Antoine, and a porter, and he too, I found to my great satisfaction, was bound for Zermatt by way of the Lysjoch.

We decided, as a matter of course, to join forces. Burns's porter was paid off and sent home; Antoine and my guide Josef were retained, and the following morning we had started on our expedition.

The weather had become doubtful soon after we had left the inn; but we kept on notwithstanding until well on the glacier, and then, when too late, we had begun to wish that we had had the moral courage to turn back before. For the guides had lost themselves. They were neither of them first-rate, and now that difficulties began to thicken they proceeded to lose their heads. In fact, to such a pass did matters come that Burns and myself had to assume all responsibility.

The storm was raging furiously now, not a landmark was visible, and the blinding snow obliterated everything. To add to our troubles, we found ourselves without a compass, the only member of the party

possessed of one being Burns, and his he had broken only the day before. We could not thus tell even the direction in which we ought to be going.

I have heard of persons lost in the desert wandering for miles in a circle, so that they came back at last to the very point from which they started.

To those who have not experienced it, it is impossible to convey the feeling of utter hopelessness in such a case. It was fated we should feel it on that day; for after many an hour's weary trudge knee-deep in the soft snow, we found that our labors had been in vain, and we only returned again to the tracks we had made before. Still, aimlessly as we might walk, it was necessary to keep moving; for to stand still, and for any length of time, meant to perish in that awful cold.

We were white from head to foot with the snow which had frozen upon us, and, had the occasion been less serious, we could have laughed at the strange appearance we presented. Burns had assumed the lead. It had been decided that he should go first on the rope and myself last, Antoine and Josef between us; but, as for knowing where we were, it did not matter much who acted as leader.

On we went, and still on, till the monotony became well-nigh unendurable. No change, always the same white waste about us, snow here, there, everywhere, and falling all around more heavily than ever. What was to become of us if it continued? We could not go on walking indefinitely. Hour after hour went wearily by.

The guides began to lose heart, and cried to each other about their wives and children. I, too, began to feel not quite myself. But Burns, firmly as ever, kept plodding forward, forward, forward. I caught myself thinking (as they say drowning men will do) of incidents in my past life, of things which I had failed to do, of things which I had done but which it would have been better had I left undone; and then I thought of a host of minor matters which at such a time seemed positively trivial. Then my thoughts ran on other Alpine expeditions, and of that last one which we had made five years ago.

Strange! The scene of it was close beside us now; for, though shut out from sight by impenetrable mist, we knew that the mighty form of the Lyskamm was towering somewhere above us, lost to sight amongst the clouds. Even the day — August 13 — was the same. It seemed

as if by a strange irony of fate that that scene of our escape might witness the closing scene in the lives of all of us.

Then Franz's words came back to me, and I caught myself saying, half aloud, "Franz! Franz! Oh for one hour of your guidance, and all would be well! Oh that you could come back to earth to redeem your promise!" And as I yet spoke there was wafted towards us across the glacier a voice, clear and distinct even amidst the whirl and uproar of the storm, a voice that said, "Herr, I come!"

We had altered our course. Almost insensibly I felt it, but I was equally certain that it was so. I looked ahead. Burns was still leading, but no! somehow the order had been changed. I thought that I did not see aright, for I could not remember any alteration being made in our positions on the rope, and yet it was quite certain that it was not Burns who now went first.

I began to count. There was Josef, there Antoine, there Burns, and there—but no, it could not be—there was yet another! I refused to believe it. Twice again I counted, twice with the same result. And then came over me a feeling of dread, for I felt that he who was leading us was not of this life.

I looked, and the form seemed familiar, tall and broad-shouldered, and with a decision in its movements that I had never seen but in one guide. And yet, firmly though it trod, the figure seemed to *glide* over the snow rather than walk. Our pace increased. We seemed almost to be flying across the glacier. Soon we began to mount, the slope grew steeper, then steeper still. We crossed what was clearly a ridge, and then began to descend. Onward over the snow we went, till suddenly the clouds lifted, and there beneath us lay the familiar form of the great Görnér Glacier, all rosy with the light of a fiery sunset. We were saved.

We raced down to a patch of rocks on this side of the Görnér. Here the guides threw down their sacks and gave vent to their joy in shouts which woke the echoes of Monte Rosa as they had never been wakened before, whilst I turned to thank our unknown companion. But he was nowhere to be seen; our party now consisted but of four.

"Well, old fellow, what are you looking so glum about? I'm a better leader than some of us" (and he looked savagely at Antoine and Josef); "in fact, I'm thinking I'll come out as a guide when all else fails. You'll take me of course?"

It was Burns who spoke. Clearly he had not seen what I had. I said nothing, but I knew my eyes had not deceived me. I felt that those words of Franz's had come home that day; for had he not redeemed his promise?

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MOSS FROM A ROLLING STONE.

BY LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

ADVENTURES IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

I HAD not been many months back from Circassia, and, Micawber-like, was waiting for something to turn up—not anxiously, however, for the London season of 1856 was not without its attractions—when, towards the close of it, I found myself once more starting for Liverpool on another trip across the Atlantic, my fellow-traveller on this occasion being my much-valued and lamented friend, Mr. Delane of the *Times*, to whom I was able to act as cicerone on our arrival at New York, where we underwent a round of festivities and enjoyed an amount of hospitality which, I used to think afterwards, on perusing the columns of the *Thunderer*, had not been altogether without their effect. The pressure of my companion's editorial duties unfortunately obliged us to part all too soon—he to return to England, and I to visit each one of the British North American colonies in turn, on some business with which I had been intrusted; but I cannot neglect this opportunity of paying the tribute of a grateful memory to one of the best and truest men I have ever known.

My intimacy with Delane extended over nearly twenty years, during which I had frequent business as well as uninterrupted private relations with him. I had thus abundant opportunities of testing alike the power of his intellect and the warmth of his affections, and found in him a man who, with everything to spoil him, was never spoilt—who never allowed his social or public position to paralyze in the slightest degree that generosity of nature which was constantly prompting him to extend his strong arm to help those in trouble, and to perform acts of kindness which were never known except to the recipients of them. As an instance, I remember on one occasion bringing to his notice the case of a widow whose husband, an officer who had been severely wounded in the Crimea, was refused her pension because, although it was not denied that

he died of his wound, he lingered a day or two beyond the allotted time within which he ought to have succumbed, the plea of the War Office being that an awkward question might be asked in the House of Commons if an exception were made in his favor. On my showing him the correspondence, Delane immediately took up the cudgels for the widow, and a leading article appeared in the old slashing style, which concluded with the following stinging epigram, in allusion to the possibility of an objection being taken in Parliament: "The House of Commons is never stingy, except when it suspects a job; the War Office is always stingy, except when it commits one." But the question was never allowed to come before the House; for two days after the appearance of this article, the widow got her pension.

We made at New York the acquaintance of all the leading members of the press of that city at an entertainment given by them to Mr. Delane; and the occasion was doubly interesting, because the presidential election was going on at the time, which resulted in Buchanan being sent to the White House at Washington. How little did any of us, in the political discussions in which we took part, foresee how pregnant with disastrous results that presidency was destined to be,—that it would involve the most bloody civil war of modern times, and that nearly thirty years would elapse before a Democratic administration would again be formed in the United States! Among the eminent men whose acquaintance we made, and whom it is interesting to recall to memory—for they have all, I think, passed away—were General Scott, then commander-in-chief of the army; Commodore Perry; Mr. Grinnell, who fitted out the first American Arctic expedition; and Bancroft, the historian. We fraternized much with a most agreeable group of Southerners, from whom I was glad to accept invitations to visit them on their plantations,—an experience I the less regret, as I was thus able to form an independent judgment of the practical working of the "peculiar institution" which was destined so soon to be abolished; to see the South in the palmy days of its prosperity, under conditions which can never recur again; and to enjoy a hospitality which possessed a charm of its own, however much one might regret the surroundings amid which it was exercised, or condemn the abuses to which the system of slavery gave rise. I put the result of my observations on

record at the time in an article in this magazine; and from what I saw and heard, it was not difficult to predict in it the cataclysm which took place four years later, though the idea of the South resorting to violence was scouted in the North; and when, upon more than one occasion, I ventured to suggest the possibility to Republicans, I was invariably met by the reply that I had not been long enough in the country to understand the temper of the people, and attached an importance it did not deserve to Southern "bounce." When, three months after the close of the war, I again traversed the same States which I was now visiting during a period of peace and plenty, the contrast was heartrending. Homesteads which then were rich and flourishing, were now masses of charred ruins; whole towns had been swept away. This, I remember, was conspicuously the case at Atlanta, where only a few wooden shanties—where I found it very difficult to get accommodation for the night—indicated the site of the former town. It is now again a flourishing city. Ruin and devastation marked the track of invading armies over vast tracts of country, and testified alike to the severity of the struggle and the obstinacy of the resistance. In this respect the country exhibited a very striking contrast to France after the German campaign. As it was my fortune to accompany the German armies through a great part of the war, and to march with them through several provinces of France, I could compare the conditions of the theatre of military operations with that of the Southern States immediately after the war, and judge of the nature of the conflict by the traces which it left. In the latter case, one may say that, except immediately round Paris and in one or two isolated localities like Châteaudun, it left no traces at all, and enabled one to estimate at its proper value, even if one had not been present at the battles, the flimsy nature of the resistance which had been offered.

Perhaps one of the best evidences of the different character of the fighting which took place between the Northern and Southern armies in America, and that which occurred in France, is to be found in the fact that the Franco-German battles were essentially artillery combats; and that, with the exception of one or two of the earlier battles, such as Spicheren and Gravelotte, the opposing forces never came to close quarters at all. In fact, during the Loire campaign, which I made with the grand duke of Mecklenburg, both

sides played at such long bowls that it was very difficult, even with the aid of a field-glass, to see a Frenchman; whereas, towards the close of the American war, both sides almost abandoned artillery as a useless arm, and a source of weakness rather than of strength, when men, not to be deterred by noise, rushed in on the guns. Modern inventions and machine-guns may make this more difficult, but certainly the artillery of even fifteen years ago, mitrailleuse included, required an amount of protection when opposed by a resolute foe, which scarcely compensated for the relatively small extent of injury it could inflict; and I have often thought that if the German armies had found themselves confronted with the comparatively raw and untrained levies of the American rebellion, they would have discovered that there is another art of war altogether from that in which they have perfected themselves—of which they have had as yet no experience—and which consists in an invincible determination to get at close quarters with the enemy as quickly as possible, and, if necessary, to die there rather than come away.

In no Southern city, perhaps, was the stress of war more severely felt than in New Orleans, though it was never devastated by shot and shell. At the time of my first visit in the winter of 1856-57, it was socially the most delightful city in the Union; and as I was fortunate in the possession of many friends, and of an age to appreciate gaiety, my stay there was one of unqualified enjoyment. In the autumn of 1865 it was the saddest place I ever entered,—sadder to me, perhaps, from the contrast as I had known it in happier days. Some of my friends had been killed, others were totally ruined, others in self-imposed exile. A new and not a pleasant class had taken their place, trade was at a standstill, enterprise of all sorts was languishing, and a feeling of gloom and despondency reigned supreme. My last visit there was made during the last days of 1881, when it seemed like a city rising from the dead; hope and joy beamed from every countenance; and though, after the lapse of so many years, I scarcely found a soul I knew, there was a life and animation which augured well for the recovery of the place from its long torpor. Still it has undergone a change which will prevent its ever becoming the New Orleans I first remember. Then its charm lay in its French-Creole society—an element which has given way to the inroad from the North—and, if I may

venture to confess it, in a certain lawlessness, which made it what, in local parlance, was called the "jumping-off place" for harebrained expeditions of a filibustering character to Cuba, Central America, or any other tempting locality. Among the most hospitable houses on the occasion of my first visit, was that of Mr. Pierre Soulé, formerly United States minister to Madrid, whose son—at whose wedding I assisted—fought a duel with the Duke of Alva, which made some noise at the time. At this juncture Walker was endeavoring to establish himself as president of Nicaragua, and engaged in a war with the Costa Ricans, who were being aided in their resistance to his attempt by money and men supplied by Commodore Vanderbilt, with whom Walker had foolishly quarrelled upon the subject of the transit route through Nicaragua, of which the American capitalist desired to retain the control. Mr. Soulé was acting in New Orleans as Walker's agent, and he explained to me that Walker's intention was not, as erroneously supposed by the British government, to conquer the small republics of Central America, with the view of annexing them to the United States, but for the purpose of welding them into a new Anglo-Saxon republic—a project which it seemed to me, though it was undertaken by a single man, was not more immoral than similar enterprises are when undertaken by governments, and one which was calculated to benefit not only the Central American States themselves, but the cause of civilization generally. Subsequent observation confirmed me in this view, which has been further illustrated by the history of the country during the thirty years which have elapsed since this time, during which it has been the prey to constant revolutions, while it has made absolutely no advance in the arts of peace. I therefore listened with a favorable ear to Mr. Soulé's offer of a free passage to Nicaragua in a ship conveying a reinforcement of three hundred men to Walker's army, and of carrying strong personal recommendations to that noted filibuster, who was requested by Mr. Soulé to explain the political situation to me, in the hope that on my return to England I might induce the British government to regard his operations with a more favorable eye than they had hitherto done. The fact that if I succeeded I was to be allowed to take my pick out of a list of confiscated *haciendas*, or estates, certainly did not influence my decision to go, though it may possibly have acted as a

gentle stimulant; but I remember at the time having some doubts on the subject from a moral point of view. Had I been brought up in the City, or been familiar with the processes of promoting joint-stock companies, these probably would not have occurred to me. As it was, I remember spending Christmas day in high spirits at the novelty of the adventure upon which I was entering; and here I may remark, as an illustration of the rapidity with which, in my capacity of a moss-gathering stone, I was rolling about the world, that my Christmas days during these years were passed in very varied localities.

On Christmas day 1854 I was in Quebec; on the same day 1855 I was in Trebizond; in 1856 at New Orleans; and in 1857 in the Canton River.

It was on the last day of the year that the good ship *Texas* cleared out of New Orleans with three hundred emigrants on board. At least we called ourselves emigrants—a misnomer which did not prevent the civic authorities, with the city marshal at their head, trying to stop us; but we had the sympathies of the populace with us, and under their ægis laughed the law to scorn. It would have been quite clear to the most simple-minded observer what kind of emigrants we were the day after we got out to sea and the men were put through their squad-drill on deck. There were Englishmen who had been private soldiers in the Crimea, Poles who had fought in the last Polish insurrection, Hungarians who had fought under Kosuth, Italians who had struggled through the revolutions of '48, Western "boys" who had just had six months' fighting in Kansas, while of the "balance" the majority had been in one or other of the Lopez expeditions to Cuba. Many could exhibit bullet-wounds and sword-cuts, and scars from manacles, which they considered no less honorable—notwithstanding all which, the strictest order prevailed. No arms were allowed to be carried. There were always two officers of the day who walked about with swords buckled over their shooting-jackets, and sixteen men told off as a guard to maintain discipline. Alas! the good behavior and fine fighting qualities of these amiable emigrants were destined to be of no avail; for on our arrival at the mouth of the San Juan River we found a British squadron lying at anchor to keep the peace, and the steamer by which we hoped to ascend the river in the hands of our enemies, the Costa Ricans. Our first feeling was that

we were not to be deterred by such trifles. The men were all drawn up below, each had received his rifle, revolver, and bowie, with the necessary ammunition, and all the arrangements were made for cutting out our prize, which was lying about three hundred yards off, in the night. As a compliment, which I could not refuse but did not appreciate, I was given command of a boat (I think it was the dingy), and I costumed myself accordingly. Just before sunset we observed to our dismay a British man-of-war's boat pulling towards us; and a moment later, Captain Cockburn, of H.M.S. *Cossack*, was in the captain's cabin, making most indiscreet inquiries as to the kind of emigrants we were. It did not require long to satisfy him; and as I incautiously hazarded a remark which betrayed my nationality, I was incontinently ordered into his boat as a British subject, being where a British subject had no right to be. As he further announced that he was about to moor his ship in such a position as would enable him, should fighting occur in the course of the night, to fire into both combatants with entire impartiality, I the less regretted this abrupt parting from my late companions, the more especially as, on asking him who commanded the squadron, I found it was a distant cousin. This announcement on my part was received with some incredulity, and I was taken on board the *Orion*, an 80-gun ship, carrying the flag of Admiral Erskine, to test its veracity, while Captain Cockburn made his report of the *Texas* and her passengers. As soon as the admiral recovered from his amazement at my appearance, he most kindly made me his guest; and I spent a very agreeable time for some days, watching the "emigrants" disconsolately pacing the deck, for the Costa Ricans gave them the slip in the night and went up the river, and their opponents found their occupation gone. The question they now had to consider was how to get to Walker. Few ever succeeded in doing so; and the non-arrival of this reinforcement was the immediate cause of the disaster which obliged "the blue-eyed man of destiny," as his friends called him, not long after to escape from the country. Poor Walker! he owed all his misfortunes, and finally his own untimely end, to British interference; for on his return to Central America, where he intended to make Honduras the base of his operations, he was captured at Truxillo by Captain Salmon, and handed over to the Honduras government, who incontinently hung him.

This was the usual fate which followed failure in this country; and those who fought in it knew they were doing so with a rope round their necks — which doubtless improved their fighting qualities. I did not know, however, until my return to England, that rumor had accredited me with so tragic an end, when at the first party I went to, my partner, a very charming young person, whom I was very glad to see again after my various adventures, put out two fingers by way of greeting, raised her eyebrows with an air of mild surprise, and said in the most silvery and unmoved voice, "Oh, how d'ye do? I thought you were hung!" I think it was rather a disappointment to her that I was not. There is a novelty in the sensation of an old and esteemed dancing partner being hanged, and it forms a pleasing topic of conversation with the other ones. Eight years after this escapade, Admiral Erskine and I used to meet under very different circumstances; he was member for the county of Stirling, and I for the Stirling burghs, and he used laughingly to maintain that he had rescued me from a gang of desperadoes, and restored me to respectable society — a view which I attribute to narrow prejudice; for if you come to sheer respectability, there can be no doubt in the mind of any one who has tried both, that the life of a filibuster is infinitely superior in its aims and methods to that of a politician; a conclusion which was forcibly impressed upon my mind by one of my earliest experiences in the House of Commons, when a Reform Bill was passed by the Conservatives, which they would vehemently have opposed had it been brought in by the Liberals, and which the latter, in defiance of their political convictions, opposed because it was brought in by the Conservatives — a piece of political filibustering on the one side, as immoral to my unsophisticated mind as the tactics by which it was met on the other, but which, by voting steadily against the party to which I had the honor to belong, I contributed my mite to thwart. It did not take me long after this to discover that I was not cut out for a party man, and I entered into the repose of the Chiltern Hundreds.

To return to the purer atmosphere of Greytown; there was no inducement to go ashore, as there was absolutely nothing to see in the sleepy little *mestizo* town; so I took leave of my hospitable naval entertainers, and embarked in a passing steamer for Aspinwall, and crossed the Isthmus to Panama, where I found a mild

revolution in progress, which had for the time handed over the town to the tender mercies of the negro part of its population.

It had always occurred to me that if one wanted to connect the two seas by a ship canal, the first part of the isthmus to examine was the narrowest. Yet so far as I am aware, this route has never, even to this day, been surveyed. While at Panama, I thought I would make the attempt, and indeed reached a point by the Bayanos River within seventeen miles of the Gulf of Mexico. It is true that I was confronted by a high range of hills, which the hostility of the Darien Indians — who obstruct the progress of the explorer by shooting little poisoned arrows at him through blow-pipes — prevented my traversing; but I heard that at one place there was a low pass, across which the Indians were in the habit of dragging their canoes; and I still think Monsieur Lesseps, before deciding to make the canal by the side of the railway, and thus encountering the almost insuperable obstacle of the Chagres River — which it may be predicted with tolerable certainty will prevent the work from ever being completed — would have done well to examine the country between the Bayanos River and Manzanilla Bay. I urged these considerations in an account of my expedition which I published in this magazine at the time. Upon returning from it, I recrossed the Isthmus, and proceeded to Carthagena, meeting on the steamer an interesting priest, who, on discovering my filibustering propensities, proposed to me to enter into a conspiracy for making a revolution in Honduras and upsetting the government. This was to be done in the interest of the Church to which he belonged, the president for the time being having so far emancipated himself from spiritual guidance as — in the opinion of the highest ecclesiastical authorities — to render a change desirable. My informant assured me, under a solemn pledge of secrecy, that the whole matter was arranged; that the revolution would probably be bloodless or nearly so; that he was on his way to Europe in search of funds — for just in proportion as you had money, could you save the shedding of blood; but that, in order to be prepared for all contingencies, a few resolute men were required. These he would prefer to obtain, if possible, from England, — the importation of Americans for such purposes not having proved satisfactory — witness Walker, who was invited to help in a revolution, and who,

when he had gained the day for the presidential candidate he came to assist, deliberately ousted him, and put himself in his place.

I expressed my sense of the compliment paid to the more disinterested character of my countrymen, and asked the holy father how many of them he wanted. To my astonishment he said twenty would be enough. They were only required as leaders when fighting was to be done; and if there were more, it would be difficult to provide for them afterwards. In fact I was to bring out from England twenty of the biggest dare-devils I could find, land them at a time and place which would be appointed, and obey orders, which I should receive from a bishop! My spiritual tempter was rather disappointed to learn that I was not a Romanist, as then I should have been supported by the high moral consciousness that I was fighting in the cause of the Church; and was obliged to rest satisfied with my assurances that I was free from theological bigotry of any kind. Men, he said, derived great spiritual benefit by fighting on the right side, even though, to begin with, the motives by which they were actuated were low ones. This naturally suggested the question, What temporal advantage was to accrue to me for the service I was rendering the Church? He was not in a position, he replied, to make me any definite promises in this respect; but I might count on high office, probably the head of the war department, if I developed strong clerical sympathies. What a vista of conquest and greatness did this suggestion open to my youthful and ardent imagination! To be war minister of Honduras at seven or eight and twenty, with Costa Rica, Guatemala, San Salvador, and Nicaragua, all waiting to be gobbled up! I would out-Walker Walker. Of course we did not get to this climax till after several days of secret confabulation, for I had to inspire the holy father with confidence. Meantime my moral sense was getting more and more confused. Decidedly there was something in the atmosphere of Central America which had a tendency to mix things up. Possibly it is still haunted by the shades of Pizarro and Kidd and Morgan, and freebooting and buccaneering influences hang round the lovely land to tempt the lonely wanderer disgusted with the prosaic tendencies of modern civilization. I went so far as to learn a secret sign from this pious conspirator, so that on my return with my twenty men I should know how to find a

friend in case of need. After all, he was only proposing to me to do on a small scale in Honduras what a clerical deputation five years afterwards proposed to the brother of the emperor of Austria to do in Mexico on a larger one, and which that unhappy prince accepted as a religious duty.

I had a long talk with the emperor Maximilian at Trieste just before he started for Mexico, and gave him the benefit of some of my Central American experiences; for when I heard the noble and lofty ambitions by which his soul was fired, I foresaw the bitter disappointment in store for him, though I could not anticipate his tragic end.

"It is the paradise of adventurers, sir," I remember saying, "but not a country for any man to go to who has a position to lose or a conscience to obey." In my small way I felt, after I had escaped from the influence of my ghostly tempter, that I had both, and dismissed him and his proposals from my mind. I watched, however, the fortunes of Honduras in the papers; and sure enough, not many months elapsed before the government was overthrown by a peaceful revolution, as the father had predicted, and a new president and administration were installed in its place, where the name of the priest himself figured more than once as an important character in the politics of the country.

Almost immediately on my arrival in England, a dissolution of Parliament, followed by a general election, took place, and I was actively engaged for a fortnight endeavoring to filibuster a constituency. I failed in the attempt; but I was more than consoled by the fact that during the contest a special embassy to China was decided upon, with Lord Elgin as ambassador, who offered, if I did not get into Parliament, to take me out with him as his secretary. As special embassies to China are rarer events than general elections, I accepted my defeat with a light heart, more especially as I knew I had made the seat sure for next time, and a month afterwards was steaming down the Bay of Biscay on my way to far Cathay, with my dreams of empire in Central America relegated to the limbo of the past.

At Singapore we transferred ourselves from the P. & O. Company's steamer in which we had made the journey thus far, to H.M.S. Shannon, a fifty-gun frigate commanded by Sir William Peel. She was a magnificent specimen of the naval

architecture of those days; and her captain, who was justly proud of her, was, I think, not altogether satisfied with the prospect, during war-time, of the peaceful duty of carrying about an ambassador which had been allotted to him. Poor fellow! his fighting propensities were destined all too soon to be gratified, and the brilliant professional career which seemed in store for him to be abruptly and fatally terminated. I have never met a naval officer who so completely realized one's *beau idéal* of a sailor, or in whom a thorough knowledge of and devotion to his profession was combined with such a sound judgment, such gentle and amiable qualities, and such chivalrous daring. In some points there was a marked similarity in his character to that of General Gordon. There was the same high principle, stern sense of duty, lofty aspiration of aim, unbounded self-reliance, and intolerance of what seemed unworthy or ignoble, whether in governments or individuals.

It was at Galle that we heard the first news of the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny; but the appalling details reached us here, and determined Lord Elgin, on his own responsibility, to divert the destination of the China expeditionary force from Hong Kong to Calcutta. Meantime we proceeded ourselves to the former place; and after staying there a few weeks to transact some necessary business, Lord Elgin determined to proceed himself to Calcutta, with the view of affording Lord Canning all the moral support in his power. On our return to Singapore in company with H.M.S. Pearl, commanded by Captain Sotheby, we found the 90th Regiment, together with some other troops, waiting for transport to Calcutta. These were embarked in the two ships, and we proceeded with them to India.

The transport which had conveyed the 90th Regiment had been wrecked in the Straits of Sunda, and one young officer had particularly distinguished himself in the confusion attendant upon getting the men safely ashore and putting them under canvas. This was the junior captain; and as he took passage with us in the *Shannon*, I was so fortunate as to make his acquaintance. I little suspected, however, when we parted at Calcutta, that the next time I was destined to meet him it would be as Lord Wolseley.

CALCUTTA DURING THE MUTINY.

THE extraordinary sensation produced by our arrival at Calcutta, and the relief which the appearance of a large body of

British troops at so critical a juncture afforded the foreign population, I alluded to in a book published two years later;* but as this narrative had reference more especially to war and diplomacy in China, I may be permitted to recall the impressions which Calcutta made upon me at the time, and which are omitted in it. Certainly at the moment of our arrival the prevailing sentiment was panic. Each day witnessed the appearance of refugees from up country, with tales of fresh horrors. The whole country seemed slipping from our grasp; Delhi and Agra were in the hands of the mutineers; an English garrison, with a numerous party of civilians, with ladies and children, were besieged in Lucknow, which Havelock had not yet succeeded in relieving; the solitary survivor of the Cawnpore massacre had only arrived two or three days before. He was pointed out to me one afternoon in awestricken tones by a friend. Almost every private house was an asylum for refugees. I was the guest of my old friend Sir Arthur Buller, and shared his hospitality, with two ladies who had both been obliged to fly for their lives. One of them in particular had a very narrow escape. She left the station at which she was staying at 9 P.M., fearing an outbreak, but scarcely anticipating it so soon. By six o'clock the next morning every man, woman, and child in the place had been murdered. For two nights and a day she rode or drove with a double-barrelled gun across her knees. Although she was robbed of this and of all the money she possessed, her life was spared by the natives she encountered; but during these thirty-six hours she tasted no food, and I remember being deeply impressed by the narrative of her adventures, though these are all the particulars I can recall. As everybody one met had lost some dear relative or friend, or was in feverish anxiety as to the fate of those from whom no news had been received, a fearful gloom pervaded the community; and this was heightened by the suspense attaching to Lucknow, where so many officials in both branches of the service, with delicate women and children, were collected. Every day we expected to hear the news of its fall; and with the experience of Cawnpore fresh in our memories, we knew that this meant the massacre, under the most revolting conditions, of every soul. It was no wonder, under these circum-

* Narrative of Lord Elgin's Embassy to China and Japan.

stances, that every soldier we brought was hurried up to Havelock, and that a naval brigade formed from the Shannon and Pearl, and placed under the command of Sir William Peel, was organized without delay. The whole force was drawn up on the morning of its despatch to the front, and addressed in a stirring speech by Lord Elgin, when we parted from our shipmates, many of whom we should never see again. There can be little doubt that these reinforcements, arriving when they did, enabled Havelock to relieve Lucknow, and that the salvation of that place by the English was the turning-point of the Mutiny. The China force thus diverted by Lord Elgin without waiting for instructions from home, thereby indefinitely postponing his own mission, amounted to five thousand men; and these just turned the scale at the critical moment. As a testimony to this, I cannot do better than quote a letter addressed by Sir Henry Ward, whose position as governor of Ceylon enabled him to judge of the situation as well as any man, to Lord Elgin:—

You may think me impertinent [he says] in volunteering an opinion upon what, in the first instance, only concerns you and the Queen and Lord Canning. But having seen something of public life during a great part of my own, which is now fast verging into the "sear and yellow leaf," I may venture to say that I never knew a nobler thing than that which you have done, in preferring the safety of India to the success of your Chinese negotiations. If I know anything of English public opinion, this single act will place you higher in general estimation as a statesman than your whole past career, honorable and fortunate as it has been. For it is not every man who would venture to alter the destination of a force upon the despatch of which a Parliament has been dissolved, and a Government might have been superseded. It is not every man who would consign himself for many months to political inaction in order simply to serve the interests of his country. You have set a bright example at a moment of darkness and calamity; and if India can be saved, it is to you that we shall owe its redemption, for nothing short of the Chinese expedition would have supplied the means of holding our ground until further reinforcements are received.*

I have ventured to introduce this quotation, because I do not think that either in public estimation, or in the accounts of the Indian Mutiny which have been published, the important bearing of this act on the part of Lord Elgin upon the des-

tiny of our Indian empire has ever been sufficiently recognized and appreciated. The ambassador was at this time staying as the guest of Lord and Lady Canning, with his brother Sir Frederick Bruce, and Mr. (now Sir Henry) Loch, at Government House. Here I used constantly to dine, and here I remember meeting Lord Clyde on the evening of his arrival in India to take the command of the army. It gave one a curious sensation to pass the native sentries at the gates and in the corridors of the governor-general's residence, and see them all keeping guard with ramrods in their hands, instead of the muskets of which they had been deprived; and I was much struck, amid the universal exasperation, mingled with panic and gloom, which prevailed, at the perfectly calm and even unemotional attitude both of Lord and Lady Canning. For not only was the governor-general overwhelmed with the cares and anxieties arising out of the formidable progress which the Mutiny was making, but he was exposed to the severest censure on the part of the English community at Calcutta, by whom he was nicknamed Clemency Canning, and who accused him of a forbearance in his conduct of affairs and treatment of the natives which had brought matters to their present pass, and which they believed imperilled not only the Indian empire, but their own lives. As nothing has a tendency to destroy the faculty of calm judgment so completely as panic, the violence of the language employed was usually in proportion to the degree of alarm that was felt—a sentiment no doubt exaggerated by the fact that it was mingled with contempt for the race from whose cruelty so much was feared.

I have seldom [says Lord Elgin, in his diary during this episode] from man or woman since I came to the East, heard a sentence which was reconcilable with the hypothesis that Christianity had ever come into the world. Detestation, contempt, ferocity, vengeance, whether Chinamen or Indians be the object. There are some three or four hundred servants in this house (Government House). When one first passes by their salaaming, one feels a little awkward. But the feeling soon wears off, and one moves among them with perfect indifference, treating them not as dogs, because in that case one would whistle to them and pat them, but as machines with which one can have no communion or sympathy. Of course those who can speak the language are somewhat more *en rapport* with the natives; but very slightly so, I take it. When the passions of fear and hatred are grafted on this indifference, the result is frightful, an absolute

* Extracts from Letters of Lord Elgin. Privately printed.

callousness as to the sufferings of those passions, which must be witnessed to be understood or believed.

I remember meeting one clergyman who contrasted, in my mind, very unfavorably with the filibustering friends with whom I had lately been associating, in the ferocious vindictiveness of his language, and the fury with which he expressed his indignation with Lord Canning because the latter had removed some commissioners, who, not content with hanging all the rebels they could lay their hands on, had been insulting them by destroying their caste, and thus interfering, in their belief, with their prospects in a future state of existence. Alluding to this conversation, Lord Elgin remarks: "The reverend gentleman could not understand the conduct of the government; could not see that there was any impropriety in torturing men's souls; seemed to think that a good deal might be said in favor of bodily torture as well. These are your teachers, O Israel! Imagine what the pupils become under such a leading!" The poor man was evidently utterly demoralized by fear. The holy father who offered to make me war minister of Honduras was, I think, a better specimen of the Church militant here upon earth than he. Perhaps if, during my early experiences, I had not met such a singular variety of ecclesiastical specimens in different parts of the world, instead of remaining a rolling stone to this day, they might have builded me into one of their temples.

At the same time, I must admit that the treatment of such a rebellion as that with which Lord Canning had to deal, involves very difficult and complicated considerations, as well from a moral as from an expediency point of view. I think there can be little doubt that if, when the first regiment mutinied at Barrackpore, the governor-general had ordered them to be blown from the guns, instead of treating them with the leniency he did, the Mutiny would have been nipped in the bud, while he would have been handed down to posterity as a butcher of the most ferocious description, and his name branded with universal execration. No one would have known what thousands of lives and untold horrors might thus have been spared, and how merciful this act would have been, judged by the light of events which only transpired because it was not consummated; for had the Mutiny been thus checked, there would have been no apparent justification for an act of such barbarity. An illustration of an opposite kind

occurred some years later in the case of the late Governor Eyre of Jamaica. It is impossible to say, now, what massacres by the negroes his timely severity may not have prevented; it is easy for those ensconced comfortably by their own firesides to sit in judgment upon men who have this tremendous responsibility to bear, and who feel that the lives of thousands of their country men and women depend upon the promptitude and vigor of their action; and it would be well that these armchair humanitarians should remember that the very spirit which prompts them to show no mercy to an unfortunate governor who may, under this terrific pressure, commit an error of judgment, is just the tendency which would lead them, if they were put in the place of their victim, to act as he did. Another very interesting instance of the same kind was brought under my immediate notice in Ceylon. I was in that island when a native rising occurred in the Kandyan province in the year 1849. Lord Torrington was governor at the time, and my father was the chief-justice. It was soon apparent that the movement was not dangerous; not a European life was taken, and beyond the gathering on one or two occasions of some hundreds of natives, and the robbing of one or two planters' bungalows, nothing of importance occurred. Nevertheless, martial law was proclaimed, continued over a long period—I forget how long—but from first to last some two hundred natives were shot or hung. The sentiments of the English community became divided; so strong a current of public opinion set in condemnatory of the acts of the government, that it was thought best at last to invoke the action of the civil tribunals, and a few acres were exempted from the operation of martial law in Kandy, in order that my father might try some of the leading rebels who had been captured, for high treason. This was a manifest blunder on the part of the governor; either the country was too disturbed for the civil courts to sit, or it was sufficiently peaceable to render the action of the courts-martial unnecessary. As it was, while sitting in court listening to the tedious formalities of the ordinary legal processes, I actually on one occasion heard the distant reverberation of the volley which was terminating the existence of a man who had been tried the same day for the same crime by a drum-head court-martial. This was an insult alike to the majesty of the law and the common sense of the community, and excited

so strong a feeling of resentment on the part of the latter, that it ultimately led to Lord Torrington's recall. At the same time I have always felt that if Lord Torrington committed an error in judgment, which he undoubtedly did, it was one for which he was not to be judged too hardly, considering the pressure which at the first moment of panic was brought to bear upon him from certain quarters, though it was difficult to realize the state of mind which, after the insignificant character of the movement became evident, led him to prolong the state of martial law, and intrust the lives of men to the judgment of two or three young military officers, when there was no reason why they should not have the advantage of a trial in a legally constituted court. It may generally be assumed that when the British community cease to feel that danger exists, it has passed away some time before. A governor may often have to resist their demand for severity; he is safe in acceding to their appeal for clemency — and this was made by the majority of the Europeans in Ceylon for some time before the pressure of public opinion became so strong as finally to put an end to summary executions. Under no circumstances have the public in England any right to work themselves up to a state of excitement upon a subject upon which their remoteness from the scene of action and ignorance of local conditions absolutely disqualify them from passing a judgment. By so doing they run the risk of committing grave injustice and of blasting the career of conscientious and painstaking public servants, who, if they have blundered, are certainly not likely to have done so wilfully, and whose action, which they so loudly condemn, may have averted a very grave catastrophe.

The only excitement during our month's stay in Calcutta, beyond that attendant upon the arrival of news and refugees from the interior, was the anticipation of a riot — happily falsified — during the great Mohammedan festival of the Mohurram. Some of the more timid residents adopted all sorts of precautions for escape in case of a general massacre; indeed there was a universal sense of living on a volcano, which imparted some piquancy to an existence that during the heats of August would otherwise have been decidedly dull.

By this time we had felt enough of what India during the Mutiny was like, not to care to prolong our experience, especially as there was no possibility of

active co-operation; so we were not sorry to hear that a P. & O. steamer, which had been expressly chartered and fitted up for the accommodation of the embassy, was ready; and in it we bade adieu to Calcutta on the 3rd of September, and shortly after found ourselves once more at anchor in the harbor of Hong Kong, within two months after we had left it.

From Good Words.

GEORGE FOX AND THE INWARD LIGHT.

BY HENRY C. EWART.

THE character and career of George Fox were such as naturally lead to exaggeration both amongst his followers and his opponents or critics. The Society of Friends, who, on the whole, perhaps, owe more of inward peace and outward prosperity to their religious convictions, than any other denomination known to history, are inclined to estimate the virtues and the power of their apostle as little short of miraculous. On the other hand, Macaulay did not scruple to regard him as an ignorant and pretentious charlatan. Carlyle, so far as he alludes to him at all, has been more reasonable in his estimate. He discerns in him a sort of spiritual arrogance, of which, as we shall have occasion to observe, there is a great deal of evidence in Fox's own writings. But he does not deny to him a veritable insight into everlasting truth. Whatever may have been the errors either of devotees or of satirists, George Fox holds far too original and important a position in the history of religion to be neglected with impunity. And notwithstanding all that has been written about him there is much service yet to be done by a careful estimate of his work in the revival of the spiritual life amongst men.

He was born at a time when the Puritan movement was beginning to develop a resistless strength. During the period of his childhood and early youth, the conflict between the Puritans on the one hand, and the worldly powers represented by Church and king on the other, ended in the total overthrow of the latter. It is true that he was twenty-three years of age when Charles I. was brought to the scaffold; but the Long Parliament had been practically supreme for six years before that tragic event. Indeed, even before the meeting of the Long Parliament the authority of Archbishop Laud and his subordinates had been quite insufficient

to restrain the extraordinary outburst of religious conviction and ecclesiastical reorganization which characterized the seventeenth century. The preface of William Penn prefixed to Fox's Journal well describes the successive demands of various generations of reformers to secure an entire emancipation of religion from the traditions of human authority and custom. He sharply criticises the conduct of the earlier Puritans who "as they grew into power were not only for whipping some out but others into the temple; and they appear rigid in their spirits rather than severe in their lives, and more for a party than for piety, which brought forth another people that were yet more retired and select." The latter religionists to whom he referred were the Brownists, or Independents, the Baptists, and others. But even these separatists, says Penn, "rested also too much upon their watery dispensation, instead of passing on more fully to the fire and Holy Ghost." "Withal, they grew high and rough, and self-righteous, opposing further attainment; too much forgetting the day of their infancy and littleness, which gave them something of a real beauty; insomuch, that many left them, and all visible churches and societies, and wandered up and down as sheep without a shepherd, and as doves without their mates, seeking their beloved but could not find him, as their souls desired to know him, whom their souls loved above their chiefest joy." These extreme separatists never had any very definite organization. Sometimes they took the name of "Seekers," sometimes that of "the Family of Love," but the world generally called them "Ranters." To a certain extent they anticipated the Quakers, for, says William Penn, "they sometimes met together not formally to pray or preach at appointed times and places in their own wills as in times past they were accustomed to do; but waited together in silence, and as anything rose in any one of their minds, that they thought favored of a divine spring, so they sometimes spoke." But according to the same Quaker authority these Seekers or Ranters fell into extravagant discourses and practices. In other words, they showed a tendency to Antinomianism. They held that they could without evil commit the same act which was sin in another; or, as Penn puts it, "they made sin superabound by the aboundings of grace." To a certain extent the movement of George Fox was a development of that of the Seekers; but it was certainly

also a clear and marked reaction against the abuses attending the spiritual chaos of the time. The Ranters were not able always to distinguish between liberty and license; but George Fox, while he uncompromisingly maintained the absolute freedom of the Christian from all human authority in matters spiritual, also upheld with equal firmness the everlasting authority of the moral law, and together with this, the duty of subordination to the civil magistrate in all matters properly appertaining to secular order.

Whether the founder of the Quakers was in early life brought into contact with the Seekers to whom Penn alludes, we do not know. He makes no reference to anything of the kind in his account of himself. But speculation and mysticism pervaded the atmosphere into which he was born; and though we need not doubt that the principles propounded by him were the result of personal conviction, springing up in lonely communion with his Maker, it is equally certain that he was, like other men, subject to surrounding influences. Born at Drayton, in Leicestershire, in the year 1624, he lived, up to the age of nineteen, very near the centre, not only of the military manœuvres but of the religious commotions disturbing the years of his youth. His father, Christopher Fox, was a weaver, possessed apparently of sufficient though moderate means. The son tells us that "he was a good and upright man," and that "there was a seed of God in him." The neighbors recognized this by giving him the honorable title of "righteous Christer." The mother, whose maiden name was Mary Lago, was, her son tells us, "of the stock of the martyrs." In George's account of himself we have no such bitter memories of childish indiscretions and boyish wilfulness as are recorded in Bunyan's "Grace Abounding." He tells us that he "always had a gravity and staydness of mind and spirit not usual in children." He could even criticise the imperfections of his elders, and when he saw them carry themselves lightly and wantonly towards each other, he would say within himself, "If ever I come to be a man, surely I should not do so, nor be so wanton."

It is not the province of an essay like the present to attempt even a biographical sketch, it is sufficient to note one or two incidents illustrative of the man's peculiar spiritual history. Previous to the age of nineteen he appears to have lived in unruffled peace; but about that time he went

to a fair, and was invited by a cousin who had a character for religion, to drink at a public house with some friends. Their proceedings were not characterized by Puritanic gravity. When George had drunk his glass his friends called for more, and declared that he who would not drink should pay for all. They also began the proposing of toasts, which was equally unpuritanical with their other proceedings. Then George rose up, and laying a groat on the table as his part of the expenses, said, "If it be so I will leave you." On reaching his home that night he could not sleep, and paced to and fro in his room. He does not appear to have been troubled at all about his own part in the trivial orgie of the day. It was the glaring inconsistency of others that oppressed him, and as he prayed it seemed to him that the spirit of the Lord said to him, "Thou seest how young people go together unto vanity and old people into the earth; thou must forsake all, young and old, keep out of all, and be as a stranger unto all." He took this to mean that he must leave his home, and, accordingly, much to the distress of his father and mother, he fled to Lutterworth, and thence by various peregrinations he arrived in Barnet, in June the next year, 1644. He does not tell us how his time was occupied; but he implies that he so conducted himself as to be noticed by religious people who sought his acquaintance. But he was afraid of them, for, he says, "I was sensible they did not possess what they professed." There is nothing said of any strong conviction of sin in his own soul; nevertheless he was much troubled in his mind. But his trouble was occasioned rather by want of clear views of religious truth than by any remorse. It did indeed occur to him that he had not acted quite fairly towards his parents, and therefore, after a while he returned to them lest he should grieve them. They advised him to marry; but he sensibly observed that "he was only a lad, and must get wisdom." Others amongst his relations thought that he might shake off his gloom by going as a soldier, for which there was ample opportunity in that district at that time. But, he says, "I refused, and was grieved that they offered such things to me, being a tender youth." Then followed conversation and discussion with the clergyman of Drayton, Nathaniel Stevens, who was evidently much puzzled by the extraordinary nature of the youth's troubles. "An ancient priest" in Warwickshire, to whom he applied for advice, bade him "take

tobacco and sing psalms." But, says George, "tobacco was a thing I did not love, and psalms I was not in a state to sing." Equally unsatisfactory was all the advice he obtained from the "professors" of the time, whether priests or laymen.

For two years still he continued in this state of gloomy uncertainty. But in 1646, when he was nearly twenty-two years of age, the light began to dawn. Successive impressions were borne in upon his mind which he accepted, and we venture to think rightly enough, as revelations from the divine spirit. In this way he learned that none were true believers but such as were born of God, and had passed from death into life. While he was walking in a field on a Sunday morning the Lord opened to him that being bred at Oxford or Cambridge was not enough to fit and qualify men to be ministers of Christ. He then refused to go to church, and preferred being alone with his Bible in the orchard or the fields. When his relations expostulated he reminded them of the apostolic saying that "they needed no man to teach them but as the anointing teaches them." At another time St. Paul's words came strongly into his mind, that God who made the world did not dwell in temples made with hands; and from this time forth the parish church was to him nothing more than a "steeple-house." About this time, also, he appears to have conceived that doctrine of the inward light, or, as it is otherwise expressed, the divine seed in every human soul, which has been one of the chief contributions of Quakerism to modern Christianity. Of this we shall have more to say presently; but meanwhile we can well understand how great a joy it must have been to a solitary and bewildered soul such as that of George Fox, to realize the full meaning of "the light that lighteth every man coming into the world."

That a soul capable of appreciating the grandeur of this conception should have been to all appearance equally grateful for divine instruction in manners and in grammar, is not a little surprising, but so it was. He believed that he was taught by the spirit not to take off his hat to any man, and this piece of trivial obstinacy brought him into a great deal of trouble. "Oh! the scorn, heat and fury that arose!" he exclaims. "Oh! the blows, punchings, beatings, and imprisonments that we underwent for not pulling off our hats to men! For that soon tried all men's patience and sobriety what it was. Some had their hats violently plucked off and

thrown away, so that they quite lost them. . . . And though it was but a small thing in the eye of man, yet a wonderful confusion it brought among all professors and priests; but, blessed be the Lord, many came to see the vanity of that custom of pulling off the hat to men, and felt the weight of truth's testimony against it." He was also taught that the rules of grammar were a part of religion, at least so far as the common use of the personal pronoun was concerned. He felt it to be a dishonor to the truth that the use of a plural pronoun should multiply one man into many. One man must be addressed as "thou" or "thee," and only two or more men could be truthfully addressed as "you" or "ye." This also occasioned no little commotion. For though at that time the use of thou and thee in families and amongst familiar friends was as customary as it is now in Germany, this only made the ceremonial and polite use of the plural "you" all the more imperative towards superiors or strangers. "Oh, the rage that was in the priests, magistrates, professors, and people of all sorts; but especially in priests and professors, for though thou to a single person was according to their accidence and grammar rules, and according to the Bible, yet they could not bear to hear it."

But the rage of priests and professors was not the worst of his troubles. Perhaps the most refined torture was reserved for his experience of prison discipline in Carlisle, where his soul was grievously tormented by a fiddle. By this time, however, he had learned the value of psalm-singing, and broke into so loud a strain that the fiddler acknowledged himself beaten. The immediate occasion was a decree of his petty tyrant that he should not look out of the window. It is better to give the rest in George's own words.

"Once he came in a great rage, and beat me with his cudgel, though I was not at the grate at that time; and as he beat me, he cried, 'Come out of the window,' though I was there, far from it. While he struck me, I was moved to sing in the Lord's power, which made him rage the more. Then he fetched a fiddler and set him to play, thinking to vex me; but while he played, I was moved in the everlasting power of the Lord God to sing; and my voice drowned the noise of the fiddle, struck and confounded them, and made them give over fiddling and go their way."

Such little weaknesses, however, could not possibly neutralize the spiritual force

that consumed the inward man, and streamed from his lips and eyes in earnest discourse. About 1647 he began to have a numerous following, and in the course of the next few years the Friends began to meet for worship under his apostolic inspiration and direction. From this time forth he had few doubts or difficulties; and scarcely a cloud dimmed the serenity of his spiritual heavens. Nothing can more clearly illustrate the amazing spiritual power of the man, than the success with which he transmitted to all coming generations of his followers the special characteristics of his own religious life. Peace, light, certainty, — such have been the best characteristics of the noblest Quakerism. This has ever been its strongest side. On the other hand, the doctrine of non-resistance, which Fox derived not only from a literal interpretation of the New Testament, but from a very profound apprehension of the spirit of Christ, was almost above the reach of ordinary humanity. It seems inconsistent with practical life; but in the case of Fox and his disciples the place of resistance was supplied by a kind of sanctified sagacity which studied how to turn the passions, and violence, and recklessness of adversaries to the advantage of the cause.

But the one most conspicuous feature of George Fox's teaching, and the best contribution of Quakerism to modern Christian life has been, as we have already said, the doctrine of the inward light. The first conspicuous manifestation of this doctrine in his early ministry is recorded by himself with a graphic vigor, such that we can hardly refrain from giving it *verbatim*.

As I went towards Nottingham on the first day in the morning with friends to a meeting there, when I came to the top of a hill in sight of the town, I espied the great steeple-house and the Lord said unto me, "Thou must go cry against yonder great idol, and against the worshippers therein." I said nothing of this to my friends, but went with them to the meeting, where the mighty power of the Lord God was amongst us, in which I left friends sitting at the meeting, and went to the steeple-house. When I came there all the people looked like fallow ground, and the priest like a great lump of earth, stood in his pulpit above. He took for his text these words of Peter, "We have also a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts." He told the people this was the Scriptures, by which they were to try all doctrines, religions

and opinions. Now the Lord's power was so mighty upon me and so strong in me, that I could not hold; but was made to cry out, "Oh no, it is not the Scriptures!" and told them it was the Holy Spirit by which the holy men of God gave forth the Scriptures, whereby opinions, religions and judgments were to be tried, for it led into all truth, and so gave the knowledge of all truth. The Jews had the Scriptures, yet resisted the Holy Ghost, and rejected Christ, the bright morning star. They persecuted Him and His Apostles and took upon them to try their doctrines by the Scriptures, but erred in judgment, and did not try them right, because they tried without the Holy Ghost. As I spoke thus amongst them, the officers came, took me away, and put me into a nasty stinking prison, the smell whereof got so into my nose and throat that it very much annoyed me.

The description of the congregation as looking like "fallow ground" and the priest as "a great lump of earth" is not only quaint, it is apt and truthful. But it should be borne in mind that the influence and truth of it depended very much upon the frame of mind of the beholder. The words in which he describes his sudden intervention in the service are instinct with a profound conviction and an intense earnestness which may well acquit him in this case of the arrogance ascribed to him by Carlyle; and any one who rightly understands this passage will have the key to the Quaker doctrine which, without in the least degree undervaluing the Bible, makes its whole worth depend on the testimony of the spirit. Such a doctrine is, of course, liable to distortion and exaggeration.

Fox, like other good men, was too much disposed to believe that his journeys were directed, his utterances of expression inspired, and even his caprices instigated by a divine witness within. But no such abuses can deprive of preciousness the immortal truth that the spirit of man is not alone in the immensity of creation, but that the conscience and the affections apprehend the life and love and reason which animate the whole universe. This truth is now so familiar to us and so bound up with our notions of Christianity, that we may well wonder how it can have appeared so novel in the seventeenth century. Margaret Fell, who after the decease of her husband, the judge, married George Fox late in life, tells us, in her simple and unaffected "testimony," how strange and startling the doctrine appeared to her, when she first heard it in Ulverstone Church. Yet she had long been, according to her knowledge, an earnestly reli-

gious woman. But, like many other Puritans of that day, she had really been as much dependent on human authority as any Roman Catholic. The only difference was that she thought her authorities were more ancient and better interpreted than those of the Catholics. Still her religion was a matter of historic record, not of present revelation. Accordingly when George Fox stepped on to a seat in the church, and interrupted the service to ask "what had any to do with the Scriptures, but as they came to the Spirit that gave them forth," Margaret Fell "stood up in her pew and wondered at his doctrine, for she had never heard such before." He went on, "You will say Christ saith this, and the apostles say this; but what canst thou say? Art thou a child of light, and hast walked in the light, and what thou speakest, is it inwardly from God?" Then, says Margaret, "I sat down in my pew again and cried bitterly, and I cried in my spirit to the Lord, 'We are all thieves, we are all thieves; we have taken the Scriptures in words and know nothing of them in ourselves.'"

"Know nothing of them in ourselves;" how much is there in these words! What is the use of believing that Jesus said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," unless the clouds of passion and pride dissolve and the divine presence shines upon our penitence? What is the use of reading or believing "Ye must be born again," unless the child heart re-awakens within us and we become tender to all good influences? What is the use of critically distinguishing St. James's "dead faith" from St. Paul's "faith which worketh by love," unless our trust in a living God fills us with an overmastering desire to be fellow-workers with him? We are aware that the doctrine of a present inspiration, in the teaching of George Fox and his immediate followers, went far beyond this. Some of them, as he himself acknowledges, "ran out into imaginations," and believed themselves recipients of special revelations concerning things kept secret from the foundation of the world. But this is no real objection to the true doctrine of the inward light; for this properly concerns, not intellectual knowledge, but the impulse and the motive power of the moral and religious life. As, for instance, that God is, and that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him, is a certainty that cannot be learned by rote either out of Bible or Catechism. Every man must feel it for himself, and to that extent every genera-

tion must have a fresh revelation. The essence of George Fox's teaching is that every man is susceptible to such a revelation, and that, till he gets it, the teaching of all Churches, priests, and theologians, however valuable intellectually, has no spiritual worth or meaning.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
A WARM DAY'S WORK.

WHEN the pinnace arrived alongside the London, Malcolmson on reporting himself found that he was indeed in for some much more exciting work than shooting hippos, and that one of his two messmates, who had been reported wounded, was dead; indeed, the steam pinnace that had been sent to fetch him had left without bringing accurate details of the action. What had happened was briefly as follows: one of the London's large sailing-boats had anchored for the night off Pemba, and it being a very unpleasant night with heavy rain, her rain awnings were spread, and except a boat-keeper, the crew of the whaler which was in company with her had come on board her, the whaler having been made fast astern.

On board the boat all were asleep except the lookout, who, wrapped in his lammy suit, was stationed in the bows, and who suddenly, in the midst of a squall of rain, saw by a vivid flash of lightning the hulls of two dhows about a hundred yards ahead of the boat, and drifting rapidly down on her.

The lookout shouted to his shipmates to turn out; but before they could get the awning down or clear away for action, the dhows were on top of them, one on either side and hanging to her by a line across her stem, and the boats' crews, all unprepared as they were, found themselves assailed by the Arab desperadoes who manned the dhows.

There was no time for counting odds, and Jones and Smith, the two officers and their men, found themselves engaged in a struggle against three times their number of active Arabs, who besides enjoyed all the advantages resulting from their position and what was practically a surprise, but even under these circumstances the hearts of British seamen did not quail; and though some poor fellows were speared and sent to their long account ere they could disengage themselves from the wet canvas of the rain awning, the remainder boarded the two dhows, and after

a desperate encounter in which every one of their number was wounded, and the boat sunk, they succeeded in making themselves masters of one dhow, while those who could of their assailants made their escape in the other.

Those among the boats' crews who had received least injury, after attending to the needs of their comrades, made sail in chase of the slavers, or pirates; but seeing her run into one of the numerous inlets in Pemba Island, Jones, who was able only with difficulty to sit up, concluded that it would be best for him to make his way for the London and get the wounds of the men attended to; for out of the twenty-seven men and officers who had formed the crew of the sailing-boat and whaler, he found that no less than five had lost the number of their mess, whilst Smith and eleven others were so seriously wounded as to be utterly unable to render any assistance in the working of the dhow they had captured, and the remainder, including himself, were all more fitted for the cots of the London's sick bay than for another bout with the Arabs.

Accordingly, he gave orders for the helm to be put up, and a course steered for Zanzibar. Soon after he fell in with a cutter and gig, which were coming with provisions for his boats and reliefs for some of his men; so he gave them orders to watch the entrance to the creek where the dhow that had made her escape had gone in; but thinking it probable that her crew might find friends and assistance in the island, he told the sub-lieutenant in charge to lie off and not go in, and to keep under way at night in order to prevent the Arabs having another try at surprising the boats.

Poor Smith and two of the blue-jackets had died of their wounds after they had got on board the London, and there was but one feeling among all the men on board the old liner, and that was to give the slavers a thorough thrashing for their audacity, and to revenge the deaths and wounds of their shipmates; indeed, to use the words of one of the men, "they were all that bloodrusty that they'd shoot their own mothers if so be as they were Arabs."

As soon as Malcolmson had reported himself, the skipper gave him the information above, and told him that he intended him to take the steam pinnace with a nine-pounder and a sailing-launch and pinnace, with their guns, and proceed at once to the place where the slavers had gone in, and picking up the cutter and gig, he was to go in and cut the dhow out.

"I am giving you all this force because I hear from the sultan that some Persian Gulf Arabs have made their headquarters there, and you may, very likely, have to deal with at least a hundred and fifty Arabs, and, most probably, there are other dhows there, in which case you will have a tough job. As far as I can make out, the two dhows which attacked Jones and poor Smith had about fifty on board each, and though they have lost a lot of men, you know how those fellows fight, and I don't want us to have a big butcher's bill. You will tow the launch and pinnace up, and then the creek should be entered in two lines; the launch and gig in one, and the sailing pinnace and cutter in the other, while you will lead in the centre in the steam pinnace. I can't give you precise orders as to what to do, but you will have to act on your own judgment and responsibility. I should like very much for some prisoners to be made, as the sultan will deal with them; and, remember now, these fellows have the prestige of a partial success, and it is imperative that they should be thoroughly beaten, or else every dhow will resist our boats, and we shall have serious work for a long time, but, remember, you must not land."

"All right, sir. Badenoch and his two friends want to know if they can come as volunteers; and Badenoch has ordered his yacht to come up as quickly as possible, and thinks she might be useful for wounded men to be put on board."

"Well, I do not object to their volunteering, and if the yacht—what's her name, the Pearl—comes up in time, you may put Macarthy, who is going as medical officer with you, on board her; but, remember, in this slaving business, she is not a tender of this ship, and it will not be legal for her to take any part in the action unless she is attacked."

"I know that, sir, but I suppose we may construe her being attacked rather widely."

"Yes, now hurry about getting away. Harris has the cutter and gig up there now; Simpson will be second in command in the launch, and O'Ryan will have the sailing pinnace. You will have full crews, and I am going to send twenty marines besides; you will have close upon a hundred men. If they fire on you from the bushes ashore, use shrapnel and the cutter's rockets; it is little or no use firing muskets at random into trees, so reserve your rifle fire for exposed bodies of men."

"Very good, sir; I have no doubt we shall give a good account of these fellows.

I'll go and get ready. I suppose the provisions and ammunition are all in the boats?"

"Yes; I told Hammond to see all right, but you must see everything is right yourself."

"I'll go and look after everything, sir; but there's the Pearl up by the Harp shoals already. I think it would be a good thing if you got Badenoch to let the marines and some of the stores go up in her, it will make the boats lighter for the pinnace to tow, and we shall gain time."

"If he likes, it will be a good thing, but I fancy yachtsmen don't much care about having their craft knocked about."

"He'll do it fast enough, sir. Now I must go and look after things."

Badenoch, Stevens, and Richardson were delighted to hear that permission had been given to them to go with the expedition, and soon were equipped with navy cutlasses and revolvers, and said that they would stick with Malcolmson in the steam pinnace, where they might be of use as sharpshooters, and, as he would be sure to head the boarders, be certain of being in the thick of the day's fun.

On the main deck of the London, the men were busy sharpening their cutlasses, overhauling their belts, and looking to their rifles; and Malcolmson, by careful personal inspection, made sure that all that was required in the boats was provided, and that every oar, lanyard, becket, etc. was properly fitted, and looked well to the gun-carriages and slides.

By the time all was ready it was pretty late in the day, and the men were piped to supper; and the captain thinking it better to start the boats away in the evening than to wait for the morning, for fear that news of their coming might be sent to Pemba and put the Arabs on their guard, decided that they should start immediately afterwards.

In the ward-room, those who were going and those who had to remain behind had a farewell bottle of champagne to drink success to Malcolmson and his party in their undertaking. Jones, who had an arm in a sling, and his head and one leg bound up, said, "Now, Malcolmson, there is one fellow I want you to look out for; he was going to job at me with a spear when I was down on the poop of the dhow we took, and it would have been all U.P. with me if poor Smith, who had lost his sword, had not seized the fellow's spear with his hands and dragged it on one side, and then he and this fellow rolled over together, and in the struggle the Arab man-

aged to get his dagger out and stab Smith three or four times."

"How can I know this fellow?" said Malcolmson; "it must have been dark when you were having your fight."

"I think you may know him by his being out and out the tallest man among our assailants, and I noticed that he had a wound from a cutlass down one side of his face from which blood dropped on mine as he was standing over me; I fancy he must be well marked."

"All right, old man, I'll look out for him; but there goes the pipe 'Boats' crews fall in.' Good-bye, old lad, I must go; I hope your wounds will be better when we come back."

"Good-bye and good luck, and remember that big Arab if you come across him; he's the fellow that did for poor Smith."

"All right," said Malcolmson, and buckling on his sword and revolver, and slinging his glasses over his shoulder, he hurried on deck, followed by his friends and the officers who were going with him.

On reaching the quarter-deck he found all the men fallen in, and after their arms had been carefully inspected, he reported all correct to the captain, who made a short speech to the men.

"My lads, you are going on what may be a stiff bit of work; your shipmates have been roughly handled, and we can't afford to let these fellows boast of any sort of success. Stick together and obey orders, and you'll thrash them well. Now down in the boats."

Malcolmson and the officers shook hands with the captain, and in a few minutes more the pinnacle was towing the other boats to the northward, and Badenoch's yacht, the Pearl, following them up with the marines on board, a nice fresh breeze enabling her to lay her course and keep close to the boats.

Before midnight they passed the north end of the island of Zanzibar, and, the breeze drawing aft, all the boats made sail, and soon rattled across the stretch of open water separating them from the green island of Pemba.

At daylight an anxious watch was kept for the cutter and gig, and it was not long before they were made out from the mast-head of the Pearl standing off and on the shore of the island about five miles away, and the yacht and boats stood towards them; and when they were come up to, Harris, who was in command, said that two more dhows had gone into the inlet where the one that had attacked the boats under Smith and Jones had retreated, and

that they had fired on his boats on passing, but happily without effect; and though he had returned their fire, he had not been able to board either of them before they ran in to their companion inside, and as his orders were to wait for more force, he had not attempted to follow them into the creeks.

Malcolmson at once arranged for entering the creek or inlet, and Badenoch told his skipper to follow up the boats as close as he could, as there would be deep water up to the very trees on the shore, and Bucket, who was still on board, would be of use in pointing out channels and anchorages.

From the sea, the place where the dhows had entered seemed to be a mere gap in the mangrove bushes, but once it had been entered, Malcolmson and his command found themselves in a perfect labyrinth of islets and coral reefs all covered with mangrove bushes down to the water's edge, and behind which might be seen the crests of cocoanut and oil palms.*

Up one passage, down another, round islets and reefs, up creeks, the boats ferreted and hunted about; and when at last they met the Pearl, which they thought miles from them, coming into one end of a channel as they entered the other, Malcolmson began almost to despair of being able to find what he was in search of. By this time, too, the men were tired and harassed by pulling under a hot sun, and he gave orders for them to take a spell and have something to eat and a smoke; and, on Badenoch's invitation, all the officers went on board the Pearl to see what his steward could provide for them, and the marines, who had been packed away among the oarsmen in the boats since they had come inside, were not sorry to have a chance of stretching their legs on the decks.

Malcolmson said, "I hope and trust these fellows have not slipped out since we have come in; I will go up to the mast-head and see if I can't make out their masts among the trees."

"That will be no use," said Badenoch; "there have been men at both fore and main cross-trees all the time, and they have been able to make out nothing above the trees."

"Never mind," said Malcolmson, "I'll

* This part of Pemba is such a mass of these reefs and islets that there is a story of a whaler, whaler fashion, having shortened sail and eased her stream anchor down to six fathoms and let all hands turn in, having drifted among them and being ten days before she could find her way out again.

have a look; bend a boatswain's stool on to the gaff top-sail halyards, and sway me up to the main top-mast head, I shall be able to see over the trees from there."

"Certainly, my dear fellow, but let some one else go."

"No, I'll go myself, and if I see them I'll get their bearing, and then you can keep some one up there to tell us how to steer."

In a couple of minutes all was ready, and Malcolmson was run up to the mast-head, and after considerable trouble he made out the mast of a dhow about three-quarters of a mile away apparently, in the very middle of a dense patch of mangroves. He took out his pocket compass and took a careful bearing of the direction in which she lay, and then hailed for a man to be sent up to take his place.

When he was on deck again he ordered the men into the boats, and, taking a piece of paper out of his pocket-book, he laid it on the roof of the steam pinnace's cabin and plotted down the direction and length of each stretch of water as they passed through it. At last he found himself close to where the dhow should have been, and in an open stretch of water nearly half a mile long and three hundred yards wide; but nowhere could he find, though he steamed up and down two or three times, any signs of a creek or inlet in which the dhow could have been hidden, and was almost going to give up the search and try some other part of the labyrinth for his quarry, when one of the men in the gig caught sight of a canoe coming out apparently from the very thickest of the mangroves.

In an instant gig and steam pinnace were in chase of her, but she disappeared as suddenly as she had appeared, leaving no traces of where she had gone.

Malcolmson hailed the gig to see if she were concealed under the overhanging branches of the mangroves, and this resulted in the discovery of a passage only thirty feet wide which had been so completely hidden by the mangroves that it had hitherto escaped notice.

"No doubt the dhows are there," said Badenoch. "See, the branches show evident traces of something having passed through there; and look, they have tied up the branches where they are broken."

"True," answered Malcolmson; "our friends are inside. Now how shall we attack; I can't follow the captain's order in going up a drain-pipe like that?"

Malcolmson did not take long to decide upon his plan, for he brought the sailing-

launch alongside the steam pinnace and took her in tow; in that position, and with the pinnace and cutter astern with the gig between them, he entered the passage. For about a hundred and fifty yards nothing could be seen but water and mangroves, but then a small open basin was entered, in the middle of which was a little island, from which the bush had been cleared, and where some huts surrounded by a kind of barricade had been erected, and close to the shores of the island were lying no less than five dhows, four of which had got their masts down.

No sooner did the boats appear than from the dhows and the barricade a furious fire was opened on the boats, not only from matchlocks and muskets, but also from two old ships' guns which were bedded in the ground in front of the huts, and which were loaded with stones and langridge.

Several men were hit in all the boats, and Malcolmson gave orders for them to cast off and spread themselves out, the boats with guns replying to the fire of the Arabs, and the marines, who were not required to man the oars of wounded blue-jackets, using their muskets as the boats dashed forward to board the dhows. In a few minutes the boats were alongside the dhows, each boat taking one, and the gig following up the steam pinnace, and a regular scrimmage and *mêlée* took place. British pluck and British dash soon began to make headway, though the Arabs were superior in number, and had the advantage of position and fought like fiends incarnate. Many shrewd blows and thrusts were interchanged; for after the boats were alongside, except for an occasional pistol-shot, the work was mostly done with cold steel, and in about ten minutes the Arabs were driven out of the dhows and making their retreat to the barricade, whose occupants now opened a brisk fire on the English.

"After them, my lads!" cried Malcolmson, who, as Badenoch said afterwards, had bagged four Arabs to his own sword, and who had been well backed up by his friends as well as by his brother officers and men.

At this moment, O'Ryan, who was on the extreme right of the attack, Malcolmson being in the centre, got knocked over by a bullet from the barricade, but a sergeant of marines who was by his side knelt down as coolly as if at drill, and knocked over the man who had fired at him with a shot from his Martini.

"By Jove, that reminds me," said Mal-

colmson; and he hailed the gig to collect the wounded and take them to the Pearl, which, with some difficulty, was warping up the channel by which the boats had entered; and then, rushing to the front, cut down a man who was going to fire one of the Arabs' guns, which would have swept a lane among the Londons, but as he did so, a gigantic Arab, whose head was tied up in a bloody cloth which concealed one side of his face, threw a spear at him, which went right through his left arm above the elbow. He fell from the wound and shock, but Badenoch, who was by him, pulled the spear up, and tying his handkerchief round the wound helped him on his feet again. He at once picked up his sword, and rushed forward to head his men, who were now trying to break through the barricade, and engaged in a series of hand-to-hand fights with the Arabs, and seeing the man who had thrown the spear at him, said, "By Jove, that's the fellow Jones said killed poor Smith, let's have at him!" and at once engaged him. The Arab with his long two-handed sword made desperate cuts at Malcolmsen, who, though a good swordsman, had some difficulty in warding off his attacks, but at last, after guarding a terrific blow at his head, he was able to get his point, and the Arab, pierced through the heart, fell back dead. His fall seemed to be the signal for the rest of the slavers to give in, and throwing away their arms, they rushed into the water and began to swim towards a sandy beach which was opposite to the way where the boats were entered, and off which another dhow was now seen to be moored.

Malcolmsen's first duty and endeavor was now to restrain his men from firing on the fugitives; the Londons were excited by the resistance they had met with, and by the number of their shipmates who had been killed and wounded, and were just in that temper when they would have thought no more of killing an Arab than of killing a rat. But ably seconded by the other officers, he managed to stop the firing, and then looked round to see how matters stood. He found that they had taken four large dhows and the island, but that the loss of English was seven killed and fourteen wounded, whilst that of the Arabs was much more severe, as he could count no less than fourteen corpses of Arabs, eleven of whom had been killed by cold steel, and thirty-two severely wounded. The wounded he had conveyed on board the Pearl, and then, all seeming quiet, he sent the pinnace to

take possession of the fifth dhow. The pinnace got alongside without any opposition, and cutting her cable, took her in tow to bring off to the island; but after she was fast, found that she could make no headway, but that, notwithstanding that her engines were going ahead full speed, both she and the dhow were being rapidly drawn towards the shore, and a heavy fire opened on her from the trees on the beach, and a bullet striking the steam-chest of her boiler, the steam escaped, and she was helpless. Malcolmsen at once ordered the launch and sailing pinnace to go to her assistance, and to cut a hawser which was made fast to the stern-post of the dhow and manned ashore. The steam pinnace had got her bow to the shore, and had opened fire with her nine-pounder, and with the guns of the other boats, soon drove the Arab musketeers from the shore, but when one of the boats tried to cut the hawser their fire broke out again, and it was not until after some ten minutes' continuous shelling of the jungle that they gave up, and the dhow was brought back in triumph to the island. How many men the Arabs lost in this second action no one could tell, but four more Londons were wounded, as was Jabez White, Badenoch's Yankee harpooner, who, saying "blood was thicker than water," had chimed in with the Britishers to give the tarnation slave-traders a hiding.

All the huts and stores on the island were burnt, as were two of the dhows, which were too much damaged to take back to Zanzibar, and the steam pinnace, having had her boiler patched, had plenty of work in towing them out of the basin, and all hands had to work to get them ready for the run down; and it was not till the next morning that the little squadron and its prizes were clear of the green isle of Pamba.

On board the yacht Stevens and Richardson, who had neither escaped quite scot-free, were loud in their delight at having been present at such a brilliant little action, and said it quite knocked on the head all their preceding ideas about slaving on the coast, which they had hitherto regarded as a sort of cowardly business, and that the Arabs never showed fight, whilst now they said there can be no doubt that we have had a warm day's work.

On board the London there was great delight at the success of the expedition, and it was hoped that the slave-traders had received a severe lesson, and the cap-

tain wrote a special despatch to the Admiralty commending Malcolmsen and those under him for their gallantry; and we may hope that this despatch has had the desired effect of making their lordships remember that even on the coast of Africa there are officers worthy of reward and promotion.

V. LOVETT CAMERON.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
ENGLAND REVISITED.

AN interval of four or five years is a day in the life of a nation, and hardly suffices for the observation of change; but it suffices for the observation of tendency, especially if the observer is one looking from without, like a colonist in England, and not one who is gliding with the stream. England, however, even in outward aspect, changes rapidly. An artist requested to make a set of drawings of things in a district forty miles from London which were as they had been in the boyhood of a man of sixty had some difficulty in finding his subjects. In the cottages brick and slate had supplanted clay and thatch; the face of the homestead had been altered by the new style of farming and machinery, which had also put an end to many of the old country sights and sounds; in the old market-town, which had become a railway centre and doubled in size, only one street remained as it had been, and this was on the point of being pulled down. The innovating though revivalist hand of Neo-Catholic restoration had been busy on every church in the neighborhood but one. The great Tudor manor-house alone, like the cathedral, had defied change.

I do not know whether rural England grows more beautiful, or whether it is that one is more struck with its beauty every time one returns to it from a newly settled land of promise, with its raw look of recent clearance, its denuded fields, its stumps, its snake-fences instead of hedgerows with trees, its unpicturesque though thrifty-looking homesteads, its horizon fringed with the gaunt trunks of pines blackened by the forest fire, its landscape which by the absence of finish shows that no labor has as yet been spared for anything but the absolutely useful. Surely this English union of the highest cultivation, and the trimness produced by the outlay of vast wealth on a small area, with the sylvan character maintained by the in-

terspersation of parks and pleasure-grounds, the reservation of which the same wealth has permitted, as well as by the hedgerow trees; this conjunction of all the smiling evidences of present prosperity with the grey church towers and immemorial oaks of the past; and the richness of this landscape, which presents a charming view from almost every rising ground,—have nothing equal to them in their kind. There may be many lands more romantic, there can hardly be one so lovely. In America the dwellings of the people look like structures, and are indicative only of present prosperity; here they look like growths, and are suggestive of a history. In America you see from the windows of the railway carriage at nearly equal distances the nearly equal homesteads of the agricultural democracy; for, there being no such thing as a county gentleman, and little use of hired labor, there are no mansions and few cottages. Here we have the variety of hall, farm, and cottage, which is unquestionably more interesting, though perhaps not economically so wholesome. Yet one cannot help thinking that a life outwardly so beautiful must inwardly be pretty healthy if the different members of the rural community do their duty. There are flowers, the symbols of cheerfulness on the walls and in the garden of the cottage as well as on the walls and in the garden of the hall. Over this landscape and life Radical agrarian reformers propose to drive the plough. If they are to have their way, one is glad to have had one more look.

The plough, however, not of the agrarian reformer, but of destiny, seems likely to be driven over the parks and pleasure-grounds. Everywhere one hears the same story of reduced rents, overwhelming incumbrances, and county families sinking under their losses and burdens. Many mansions are shut up, more would be shut up if the owners had not sources of income besides land. Farms are everywhere on the hands of the landlord, who is lucky if he manages them without loss. Nor is there any prospect of a change; the vast Canadian wheatfield is only just being opened, and exportation from India still increases. In the end, no doubt, land in the neighborhood of vast masses of population must have a value, but in the mean time the squire may be ruined. "Divide the farms," say some; "small holdings will pay rent." It is easier to divide the farms than to divide the farm buildings, or find money to build new sets. Others preach a change of crops, and cer-

tain it seems that, unless freights rise immensely, England can never compete with boundless expanses of the richest soil and stable climates. But a total change of system, whether in regard to holdings or crops, will take time.

The squire has too often been a mere game-preserver and fox-hunter. I remember one who in his decrepitude had no food for his soul but hearing the hounds called over by the huntsman at his bedside; and another who, being paralyzed in his old age, preserved rabbits, which must have eaten up no small portion of the crops, and went out shooting them in a cart, seated on a music-stool which enabled him just to turn enough to get his shot. Of late, too, absenteeism has increased. It has been almost as common in some parts of England as in Ireland. The squire spends a great part of his life in London or abroad, and the parish lacks its head. On my saying to a bishop some time ago that a friend of mine who had taken a living in his diocese was unlucky in having no resident gentleman in the parish, the bishop replied that there was scarcely such a thing as a resident gentleman in his diocese. Of two great noblemen whom I remember, the father, though immersed in public business, used to come down as much as he could to his country-seat, see his neighbors at dinner, go among his tenants, and show at all events that he recognized and wished to perform his territorial duties. The son used now and then to come down from town with a London party to a battue. Only men made of nature's finest clay do their duty without compulsion. Still, almost everywhere I go, farm, cottage, and field show the improver's hand; there might be a worse institution than quarter sessions, except in poaching cases; and though "Sumner Hall" may be poetry, there are some lives, those of young Parisian or New York millionaires, for example, out of which no poetry can be made. One cannot think without a pang of those mansions being left to decay, or haunted rather than inhabited by decayed families living in a corner of the pile, like the French *châteaux*. I shall not repine if some of them pass into the hands of rich Americans, who are only British colonists coming to enjoy their fortunes at home. But I shall repine if they pass into the hands of Jews, who seem to be beginning to supplant the English gentry in some districts. Squire Western was at all events an Englishman. The Jew, while he carries upon him the mark of tribal separation, though he may

be a Montefiore in beneficence, will always be a Jew, and can never be one in heart with the Gentiles among whom he dwells.

There seems to be no doubt that between the action of conscientious squires and economical influences, such as the opening of employment or railways, the introduction of machinery which demands more skilled labor and access to an extended labor market, the lot of the farm laborer has been greatly improved. Whether his brick and tile cottage is really more comfortable, warmer in winter and cooler in summer, than clay and thatch, may be doubted, but it belongs to a higher civilization. As a small freeholder, he would have the dignity and the stimulus of ownership; but Lady Verney, with whose extensive observations my own much less extensive observations agree, has made us doubtful whether he would be a gainer in other respects. His life might be precarious and anxious, whereas his wages at present are safe; his bread might be black, his raiment scanty, and his existence somewhat troglodytic. At all events, experiment on a small scale will be safest; the remark might be extended to the political sphere, where, in extensions of the franchise and innovations of every kind, neck or nothing is now the rule.

Will the squire remain at his post, or will he fly from it, as the French aristocracy did when the day of trial came, and vegetate on the remnant of his income in a city or abroad? If he remains at his post, happiness may yet be in store for him; perhaps greater happiness than he has known in his idle state. Of the three orders, landlord, farmer, and laborer, one, we are told, must go, for the land can no longer bear all three. But the landlord and farmer may be fused into one, and rent may become the salary for superintendence. Of course, the landlord must receive an agricultural training. As an absentee receiver of rents his situation is likely to become perilous; for the author of the Land Act has loosened an agrarian avalanche which will roll when he is gone. Of fox-hunting and game-preserving there is likely before long to be an end. The squire will have other things to fill his time; the hunting farmer will cease to exist; and when farming becomes a very serious business there will be no land to spare for cover, nor will the small holder let you ride over his land.

But what is to become of the squire's younger sons and of the young gentry generally? The professions and the gen-

teel callings seem to be glutted, and now the women are pressing into them as well as the men. You will have a set of men bred in luxury, refined, sensitive, and wanting bread, than which nothing can be either more wretched or more dangerous. In the older colonies not only the professions, but all the more intellectual and lighter callings, are almost as much overstocked as they are here. At Toronto an advertisement for a secretary at 120*l.* a year, which is not practically more there than it is here, brought seventy-two applications, and it is very difficult to get a boy a clerkship in a bank or a store. A man bringing out a little money and buying himself a farm in Ontario may do very well if he will make up his mind not only to manage but to work with his own hands. But otherwise we have no room in Canada for any one but farm laborers and domestic servants. Colonization, however, if it is to be the resource, will have to be taken up as a regular calling. The youth must learn not only farming, but a little of carpentering and everything else that may be necessary in a country where the farmer cannot be always going to the mechanic. Athletics will not do; they may give muscle and pluck, but they do not give industry; rather, they make against it, being, as they are, merely a healthy sort of dissipation. Your young athletic comes to the colony, shoots and hunts, spends his money, and drifts into the mounted police.

If England in general looks more lovely every time one sees it, less lovely, it must be confessed, every time one sees it, looks manufacturing England, with its firmament of smoke, its soil devoid of verdure, its polluted streams, its buildings and chimneys supreme in hideousness, its dreary lines of dingy cottages, its soot and grime, its distracting din, its myriads spending their lives in the monotonous toil in which they have no more interest than the other part of the machinery, its employment of women in factory labor, which must be hurtful both to home and to the health of the race, make what Factory Acts you will. One may marvel at the industry, the skill, the almost miraculous inventions of mechanical genius, the organizing power here displayed. One may rejoice over the immense production, and the benefit not only material but moral which it confers upon mankind. Ascetic prejudices against money-making no man of sense shares; wealth honorably made and well used is as pure as were the streams which once ran sparkling and babbling through Lancashire and Yorkshire

dells. Master manufacturers I have known whose characters were as beneficent and as noble as human characters could be. Co-operative stores, it seems, are doing every year an increased business, and besides the direct benefit are spreading thrift and the elevating sense of ownership among the people. Popular education no doubt is doing its part: music may do its part also. Still, one cannot help feeling that manufacturing England is unlovely, and wondering that all the nations should so vie with each other in forcing factory life into existence. Happy, one would think, would be the nation which could get others to do work of this sort for it, while itself enjoyed its sky and verdure, its well-balanced union of urban, rural, and maritime character and life. The skilful artificer has an interest in the work of his hands; even the farm laborer sees the harvest; the mechanical tender of a machine has nothing but his wages, and he is not to be blamed if on them his heart is fixed. Who can be surprised if these masses are not national in spirit, or even if they would be ready, for some object of the trade-unions, to surrender not only Ireland but Kent? The Black Country is hardly a part of England; it belongs to the carboniferous strata. That the increased wages of its people should be largely spent in sensual indulgence is not wonderful; nor would it be wonderful if their political character was violent and sour. The operatives' creed, too, it seems, is in an increasing degree secularism, which may be enlightenment, but is not poetry or comfort.

Trade is complaining of depression, almost as loudly as the landowner complains of reduced rents. It is very likely that British commerce has passed its zenith. After the great war England was left the sole possessor of manufactures and a mercantile marine; now rivals are coming up with her in the race; and perhaps have some advantage in starting afresh with the new lights, whereas her commercial system was very much fixed half a century ago. That commercial prosperity as well as victory has wings, is proclaimed by the grass-grown Londons of the past. Up to the middle of last century the bank of the world was Amsterdam. Still England has her coal, her vast armies of skilled industry, her immense investments in machinery and buildings. If she is destined to decline, her downward step will be slow, though where everything is on so vast a scale a slight depression is enough to cause much suffering, and to add to so-

cial and political danger. Evidently the country is still full of wealth. I thought I saw some falling off in the number and splendor of the equipages in the Park, and at Brighton there were a good many houses to be sold or let. But I find an expensive watering-place in the north quite full; and pictures, old books, china, *bijouterie*, still bring fabulous prices, though here perhaps American wealth comes in.

Nothing seems more certain than that the largest portion of the newly made wealth has gone to the class which lives by wages, and that this class has suffered least by depression. Profits have fallen and wages have risen, as political economy, now so much despised, said that they would. Low profits and reduced rents to the people mean cheap clothing and cheap bread. Articles of popular consumption are very cheap, while the range of popular consumption is evidently growing larger. Economic laws have done, and are doing, what the labor-agitator wants to do by industrial war. The thrifty artisan, so far as I can see, is just as well off here as he is in the United States, saving that the line is harder and sharper here between the employing class and the employed. That "the rich are always growing richer and the poor poorer" seems to be the reverse of the truth. With population the positive amount of poverty from various causes must increase. The low quarters of London are still wretched; the people no doubt multiply with the recklessness of misery, while to aggravate their case and render any attempt to improve their habitations futile, there is a perpetual influx into the overcrowded districts of wanderers from without, not only Irish, but Germans, and Polish Jews. The wheels of the vast machine, alas, often grind cruelly, and in this land of political freedom there is practical slavery as well as suffering. John Woolman, the American Quaker, visiting England in the last century, was shocked by the sacrifice of the post-boys' life and health to fast travelling. I had a talk with an old cabman, and true, I fear, as well as sad, was his tale of precarious earnings, dear and narrow lodgings, days passed on the driving-box in the wet, rheumatism, and the workhouse at the last. He said some of the men preferred the night work, though the harder, because otherwise they could never see their wives and children. If there is not another world for cabby, his horse may perhaps be almost as well off. Yet these men are rarely uncivil, and they

bring to Scotland Yard things innumerable that have been left in the cabs.

There is a set of population towards the cities; London, that prodigious tumor, still grows. In some of the rural districts population has decreased. This tendency seems not healthy. It prevails in America too, and there is ascribed by Conservatives to education, which makes the people disdain manual labor and long to exchange the dullness of the farm for the excitements and pleasures of the city. I suspect, at all events, that Mr. Chamberlain, in educating the people and at the same time seeking to make them tillers of the soil, is playing one hand against the other.

Wealth, rapid development, the stress and drive of life (which appear to me almost as great here as in the United States), and facilities of travelling, have begotten a restlessness which crowds all the railway stations and seems to have almost banished the idea of repose. Every one "wants a change." Every one, when he has a holiday, sets off and travels as far as he can by rail and boat, exchanging for the cares of the counting-house those of time-tables and luggage. One man I have found passing his holidays in his home. Society has become migratory, and therefore less social. In the old country town as I remember it in years gone by, the people spent their lives at home, only going to the seaside when they needed it; and they enjoyed intimacy, which is surely a part of the happiness of life, for no passing acquaintance can be so interesting as even a very ordinary friend. Some such towns there still are in England, out of the tide of traffic, and especially under the peaceful shadow of cathedrals, where the people seem to have leisure, the streets sleep in the summer sun, and new rows of houses are not going up; places where old age might find a quiet haven. The men in the country town of former days were not idlers or dreamers; the banker had amassed wealth, though not in a wildcat way; the old Indian had governed an empire; the old admiral had commanded a crack frigate. But they knew repose, which is now a lost art. Some day, perhaps, it will be revived, and a new generation will enter into the labors of this unresting one and rest. As a set-off against what is for the time lost from the sociability of the private circle, it may be said that, through the multiplying agencies of communication and sympathy, all men and circles are being more welded together into a community, the ideas and

interests of which are brought home to every fireside.

Wealth of course brings luxury, the apparatus of which is always growing vaster and more elaborate. In case of a pinch England has three margins to draw upon,—waste, which is still greater here than in France, though not so great as in America; the cost of distribution, which is excessive; and luxury. Among luxuries are not to be counted the healthy amusements which are made more than ever necessary by the pressure and tension of commercial life. In travelling I have been struck with the number of cricket-matches and local festivities of all kinds that were going on. The bicycle, too, is evidently a most happy invention; it must not only give healthy pleasure to city youth, but take it away from city pleasures which are not so healthy. England has roads suited for the bicycle, which America has not. Excursionism, which began with the Exhibition of 1851, has now assumed immense proportions, and though it is in some degree indicative of restlessness, and tends to become a mania, it must be, on the whole, a vast addition to the enjoyments of the people, and civilizing at the same time. It denotes increased leisure, in which respect, as in that of wages, the working classes have unquestionably gained. On the other side of the Atlantic we have few objects for excursions, though we indulge largely in outings, under the guise of conventions of all sorts and under all possible pretences. Life seems to be growing softer in England, and more refined. There is an increased love of art, of flowers, and of music. I was struck at Oxford with the flowers in the windows of students, and the sounds of music from their rooms. Lawn tennis, at which women play, is sapping, and will in the end kill, cricket, unless it has in it, like croquet, the seeds of its own death. Cricket requires too many hands and too much time, especially since the defence of the wicket has become superior to the attack. American base-ball is a thoroughly manly game, is very lively, and is played in an afternoon. The loss of a manly game would tell on English character.

With luxury may be coupled, as arising out of the same moral conditions, combined with the electric and telegraphic state of the world, the passion for excitement, which seems to threaten the sobriety and steadiness of English character as much as its fortitude is threatened by luxury. It is having a sinister

effect on politics. The first duty of a political leader now is to excite and amuse, and he who can do this may mount without wisdom or character to the high places of the State.

There are ominous mutterings about the growth of vice, especially in London society. Luxury, great cities, and deferred marriage are sure to produce their effect. Probably whatever corruption there is extends to all classes, though the scandal sticks to the higher, and especially to members of the House of Lords, which would do well to introduce a censorship. Beyond this, too, there are abysses here and there in human nature. But we need not listen to the tocsin of the sensation-mongering alarmist. English homes, apparently, in general are pure, and man and wife are true to each other. In the country, where the young squires must have opportunities, one hardly ever hears of cases of seduction. But it would surely not be wonderful if in the moral interregnum between the reign of religion and that of science, supposing that a reign of science is coming, self-indulgence should become more unrestrained. Bishop Fraser, who was a man of sense and no bigot, used to say positively that it had. Nor would it be surprising if this were to extend to the political and commercial as well as the social sphere. There is another quarter, besides that in which "Minotaurism" arises, to which the attention of those who specially concern themselves with these questions might be turned. A female writer told us the other day that life was poorly spent in bearing babies, preparing to bear babies, and suckling babies. If the revolt against maternity spreads in England, it must produce, besides the decay of the race, sinister consequences of other kinds. Against impure pure union alone can guard. The mightiest and most irresistible of human passions will not be chidden out of existence by homilies and oburgations in however shrill a key. There are alarms, too, about gambling. Betting on races, the most demoralizing to the people of all kinds of gambling, is certainly at least as rife as ever. If Mr. Arch and Mr. Labouchere would drive their plough over the racecourses they would confer a great benefit on the nation, even if all the jockeys and trainers were handsomely pensioned at the same time. How any man with a heart and a conscience can patronize this system and gild it with his name it is hard to understand. The growth of scandalous journalism is also a bad sign.

Luxury and love of excitement cannot be favorable to a seriousness of character or to vigor of national spirit. In the late crisis I think it was impossible not to note a want of seriousness, and to feel that national spirit was at rather a low ebb. A race or a cricket-match seemed to fill the public mind as much as the peril of the nation; and men appear to be at liberty to commit with perfect impunity every sort of outrage against patriotism, even to the extent of openly sending advice to foreign conspirators against British power as to the best mode of effecting their designs. We have learned that above all nations is humanity, and nobody expects or desires a narrow and selfish patriotism, any more than an obsolete parochialism, to prevail in a highly civilized community. But England is still something to humanity as well as to Englishmen, and if there is such a thing as a rational and generous patriotism, it is a duty which ought to be upheld. I heard a story told of a Radical destructive who, being asked what would become of his own wealth if his doctrines should ever take effect, answered that all his securities were convertible and he would have only to change his country. If the story was true, the answer was probably intended as a jest, yet it conveyed a serious truth. The careless love of pleasure or absorption in commercial pursuits, or whatever it be which weakens national spirit and makes people willing to see the nation discredited and dismembered if anybody wishes it, is delivering the race which is the guardian of civilization and all that it enfolds into the hands of a comparatively uncivilized race which is united and animated by a passionate feeling of clanship.

Volunteering, however, seems to flourish everywhere, except, alas, at the universities, where, it may be hoped, the young gentlemen would hardly be willing to stand by and see the shopmen, in case of need, march out to defend the country. That the institution may continue to prosper is devoutly to be wished, not only on military grounds and on account of its excellent social influence in binding men and classes together, but on political grounds also. It may be a safeguard against possible dangers to public liberty. The legislative omnipotence to which Radicalism is now pretending is the divine right of kings turned upside down. It would hardly be an improvement on ship money, if a demagogue at the head of a Parliament elected by the caucuses were to be at liberty, for the furtherance

of his political ends, to pronounce a sentence of confiscation on a whole class of innocent citizens. Power is claimed for any faction which may for the time have the upper hand in the House of Commons, to override by its will public morality, and to tamper with the life of the nation; to despoil people of their property in order to purchase popularity for itself; to thrust a great body of citizens out of their nationality and into one alien and hostile to them; to employ the national force in compelling loyalty to submit to the decrees of a foreign conspiracy, with which the faction is allied for the disintegration of the realm. Submission to Parliaments is right; so was submission to kings; but submission to Parliaments is not, any more than was submission to kings, without its moral limit. The authority of Parliament rests on votes, often on a bare majority of votes; and voting, at bottom, is but a comparing of forces in order to decide the question without combat. It is well, at all events, considering the means by which elections are carried, that those who have in their hands that particular kind of force should be kept aware of existence in the hands of national worth, manhood, and intelligence, of another kind of force which, in case of extreme necessity, might interpose for the salvation of the country.

Whatever weakness there may be in politics, in all the ordinary walks of English life there must be still plenty of worth, integrity, conscientious performance of duty, and submission to rational discipline. Of this, the marvellous railway service, carried on day and night and in all weathers with such a multiplicity and so intricate a combination of trains yet with so few accidents, the almost equally marvellous postal service, the London commissariat, and all the parts and functions of this vast machine which runs so smoothly and exactly, are sufficient proof. Everybody seems to say that the army and navy are sound, and that the British soldier never displayed his fortitude and discipline more magnificently than he did, though under an evil star, in the Soudan. One is apt to forget the mercantile marine, though the seamen is the noblest part of England, albeit he alone is, by the accident of his calling, excluded from her political life, and never repines at his exclusion. Carlyle must not tell us that as yet we are living in the decadence of English duty.

The churches are well filled, and the men are in full proportion to the women;

large sums of money are given for church purposes, and there is every outward sign of an increase, rather than a falling off, of religious life. Restoration has gone on till, though there are many churches in an old style, there is hardly an old church left. This does not look like a decay of faith. But to say nothing of social influence and the force of habit, men who have ceased definitely to believe will cling to the associations and the comforts of religion. In America there is a crust of church-going and church-building which looks equally well, but which, I am persuaded, is growing hollow. In literature, in the scientific world, and in intellectual society, the progress of scepticism is manifestly rapid. The passion for ritual itself, I suspect, is not seldom symptomatic of a loss of interest in prayer and preaching which makes show and music needful. When the Agnostic goes to church it is to a Ritualist Church that he goes. Ritualism, at all events, has been rapidly gaining ground, though I find it difficult to imagine that it can ever become a permanent form of belief apart from Roman Catholicism, its connection with which cannot be mistaken. Evangelicism is nearly dead, and the Broad Church seems to have few representatives of any power and eminence left, though I suspect that Broad views with regard to doctrine and the canon sometimes lurk beneath the Ritualistic cope. Religious Nonconformity is losing ground, scepticism telling most on the churches which are sustained neither by endowment nor by ritual. In the cities the Ritualistic clergy seem to be gaining a hold upon the people. They have found out the grand secret of Methodism, which is the enlistment of as many people as possible in the services and lay ministrations of the Church; and they have put themselves at the head of the social life and the amusements and excursions of the people. But among the people in the country Ritualism does not seem to take. The æsthetic and historic predisposition is totally wanting in the rustic mind. Considering how much more active in the performance of duty, and especially in their ministrations among the poor, the country clergy of late have been, I am surprised to hear it generally said that the laborers are hostile to the clergy, and that the rural constituencies would vote eagerly for disestablishment. Disendowment is likely to come of itself, for agricultural depreciation has terribly lowered clerical incomes, especially where the endowment was glebe. This again will be a tremen-

dous change in the life of the parish; for the parson being always resident, and always educated, has been more of a centre of civilization than the squire. Tithe, I suspect, is doomed, and I find that even dignitaries of the Church begin to speak of disestablishment as a thing that, in one form or other, must come. It will behove statesmen to take care that it comes in such a form as to give the least shock possible to the spiritual life of the people.

Between the subversion of religious beliefs, the startling discoveries of science, and the general whirl of progress, English Conservatism seems to have given way at last, and to have been succeeded not only by an openness to innovation but by a sort of fatalism of change which hastens to assent to every new scheme as destiny. This is in some measure also the effect of demagogism, which is always grasping at the vote of the future. I was told that in once Eldonian Oxford Socialism boasted two hundred adherents; Socialist lecturers at all events find large and sympathizing audiences there. Partly this may be ascribed to the sudden jerk forwards which ensued upon the sudden bursting by the emancipated university of the old Tory and clerical tie. But the student's heart leaps up at Socialism as in my day it leaped up at Neo-Catholicism, as to-morrow it will leap up at the next bright vision whatever it may be. It appears that Socialist fellows of colleges continue provisionally to draw their dividends; and the Socialism of the undergraduates, so far as it is practical, seems to take the form of philanthropy and missions of improvement among the London slums rather than of a reconstitution of society. Probably in the wealthier classes Socialism, so far as it is a real tendency, is generated by the craving for brotherhood which the Church no longer satisfies. Among the mechanics it is generated by a hope of increased wages, less work, and the abolition of all envied superiorities. It involves a revival of confidence in the wisdom and goodness of "the State," which nothing in the present character and conduct of that entity in any country very visibly justifies. It is curious that such faith in the power of government to transform society should find a lodging in the same minds with the belief that society is an organism, which implies that society though capable of growth and of gradual improvement is incapable of transformation, and that you might as well decree the perfection of the human body as the perfection of the com-

munity. So it is, however, that political economy has, as somebody said, gone into exile, while paternal government and protection are apparently going to have one more innings. Transatlantic experience warns you at all events to keep your economical or anti-economical measures clear of political demagogism, and as far as possible of politics altogether. My own impression is that in investing municipalities with the power of expropriation for the purpose of creating a small proprietary you would open a great scene of corruption. Still, expropriate if you think fit, but do not allow a demagogue to expropriate, or to tamper in any way with the economical arrangements of society for the purpose of buying himself votes.

It is impossible to doubt that since my youth there has been an immense growth of the sense of social duty and of kindly feeling on the part of the rich towards the poor. I see it every time I come here, not only in the multiplication of benefactions and philanthropic enterprises, but in the increased kindness of intercourse. This may be partly policy; it is entirely so in the case of the Primrose League; but there is a good deal in it which is not policy, and of which labor-agitators ought to take note.

Democracy is finding its way into the family, and the relations between the sexes. Paternal authority has been visibly diminished, and the bearing of children towards their parents has become much more free; let us hope, for the sake of family life, that the bond of obedience is being replaced by an increase of affection. Women are more and more asserting their independence and their right to compete in all things with men. Some of the male professions and callings they have already invaded; the rest they intend to invade. They usurp man's headgear and ulster; some of them man's cigarette. Their appearances on the platform become more numerous, and they talk regularly of "going into public life." Whether nature showed good judgment and taste in making two sexes is a question which, instead of being left to be settled by tradition, is apparently to be submitted to the test of experience. I have not observed any signs of the growth of democracy in the outward demeanor of domestics, but there are loud complaints of trouble in that quarter. In America democracy has so thoroughly taken possession of the kitchen that, were it not for the constant inflow of domestics from less democratic countries, domestic service must cease to exist. Al-

most any employment is preferred to calling anybody mistress. The next two or three generations are likely to see great change in the mode of living.

Nowhere has there been a greater change than that which has been wrought at Oxford by the abolition of clerical restrictions, the opening of fellowships, the marriage of fellows, and the introduction of science. I can imagine no more delightful place of residence than this, where you have now the very best and most cultivated society, with every facility for real intimacy, and, at the same time, as incomes are limited, on an easy and reasonable footing. Some say that watchfulness may be required to guard endowments against the excess of paternal, and still more of maternal, love.

Of art I can speak only as one of the crowd. In looking at the pictures in the Academy I felt, not for the first time, that there was a lack of interest in the subjects. The technical power of expression, I doubt not, is there in the highest degree, but there seems to be a want of something to be expressed. Some of the subjects had been laboriously sought in the most out-of-the-way places; and as to some of the others, I would almost as soon that the artist had shown his technical skill in painting my hat. Of the vast improvement in architecture, public and domestic, there can, I suppose, be no doubt, though the new styles are revivals, and the style of the future is still in the womb of time. Some of the great commercial cities, such as Bradford and Birmingham, are embodying their wealth in public buildings not less magnificent or monumental than those of Florence or Ghent. The private palace of the merchant prince cannot rise again, any more than the soul of civic life can be revived, since the merchant prince dwells not in the city but in a suburban villa. London has now in it the elements of magnificence; but all is marred by the smoke; and into every group of fine buildings intrudes some hideous railway shed or some Hankey Tower of Babel. It strikes me that the mansions of the new aristocracy, though ample and sumptuous enough, are wanting in stateliness compared with those of the Tudor or even of the Hanoverian era. Eaton itself, though most ample and most sumptuous, is not stately; it is an aggregate of parts, each, no doubt, excellent in itself, but not imposing as a whole; it has no grand front. Gothic, in domestic architecture, seems not to lend itself to a façade.

In literature there appears to be a

pause. Fiction has come down to sensational stories, such as "Solomon's Mines," "The Treasure Island," or "Called Back," and no new poet appears. The drama, too, seems to languish. I went to the two pieces of the day, and found the acting excellent, but the plays themselves naught; there was scarcely a stroke of art, scarcely a touch of wit or pathos, and the plots were tissues of improbabilities the most crude and revolting. Is this falling off in art and literary production which everybody notes merely a temporary accident, or is the world about to pass definitively from its æsthetic, poetic, and literary youth to a maturity of science? If it is, we are lucky in having at all events enjoyed the last of the youth. It is not easy to conceive poetry co-existing with a strictly scientific view of all things, including the character, actions, and emotions of men. However, the experiment has yet to be tried, and human progress is like the path in the Gemmi Pass, always coming to some apparently insurmountable barrier and always opening out anew. The growing ascendancy of science and scientific men is not an English but a universal fact; it is the great fact of the age; only in politics it is not yet seen. Strangely enough the radical Agnostics, who elsewhere dance before the triumphal car of science, in politics are the least scientific, and the most inclined to settle all questions, especially those relating to the franchise, by reference to absolute principles and the natural rights of man.

In English journalism assuredly there is no falling off. Its ability and power have been steadily on the increase; more and more it draws away the real debate from Parliament to itself. The increase of force is especially remarkable in the great provincial journals. To a great extent the future of England will be in the keeping of its press, and who are the masters of the press becomes a question every day of greater importance. It is true that the number of great journals, all of which people see in reading-rooms, though a man may take only his party paper, ensures a balance of power. What newspapers the agricultural laborer reads is a momentous question since he has got a vote, and stands between the two parties almost the arbiter of the destinies of the State. In some districts, I was told, half-penny local papers of a very unsatisfactory kind; in others, sporting papers which are not likely to be much more wholesome. Labor papers also there are,

and they are too apt to be full not only of industrial fallacies, but of social bitterness. Cottage journalism, not propagandist but wholesome, is a field for capital, which alone can float anything that is to depend on a very large circulation.

About English politics I will say no more. The sum of what I have long been saying is this — the old constitution, with the crown as the executive and the Houses of Lords and Commons as co-equal branches of the legislature, has ceased to exist, though the illusory forms of it remain. It has not been in any way replaced, while the franchise has been blindly extended; and England is now without a constitution or a government. She must provide herself with both or in the end confusion will ensue.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

From St. James's Gazette.
OLD COACH ROADS.

THE railway is very far from being, in the main, so great an enemy to rural beauty and retirement as we are most of us disposed to consider it. It has destroyed, indeed, the grace and tranquillity of many an old town and village. Many an ancient High-street, whose red-tiled roofs, half-timbered walls, and brick pavements used not long ago to slumber in the hot noon, with scarcely a sign of an inhabitant, has become the busy and incongruous main thoroughfare of an otherwise brand-new town, of which the inns are "hotels," the rows of new six or eight-roomed edifices, "Inkermann," "Alma," "Gladstone," or "Hartington" houses, and the laborers' cottages "villas," the sordid material of which is hidden and rendered impervious to rain by stucco facings, after Palladio or Brunelleschi. Nearly all the pleasant old towns and villages which lie within twenty-five miles of London and which have been accommodated with railway stations, have undergone this change; as also have many of those which are at a much greater distance from the capital, and which first acquired the distinction of being stopped at by the trains of the great original lines. But as railway stations have become multiplied all over the country they have proportionately ceased to become centres of attraction, there being only a certain amount of population to attract; and a new station now has little influence upon its neighborhood, particularly when, as is

commonly the case, the towns or villages and the stations are a mile or so apart.

The lovers of country solitude and peace are well compensated for the damage which so many sequestered spots have suffered from railways, by the extra solitude and peace which many more localities have gained by the drainage of population to the railway towns; and although the near passage of a line of railway carriages is a horror to the eye, the distant view of a train, winding, like a many-jointed worm, through the valleys and across the plains, and setting its long track of white breath against the green woods and pastures, is a distinct and great gain to the landscape—an addition which, in a wide prospect, is scarcely less beautiful than those supreme elements of the picturesque, the winding river or the long arched aqueduct or viaduct; which latter itself is often an outcome of the railway, and is the making of more than one famous landscape; such as that of the Weald of Kent as seen from the coach road between Southborough and Tonbridge. In fact, nature has assimilated the railway; and great beauties have, as usual, asserted in this case also their kinship with great uses. Even the railway's ill-favored sister, the electric telegraph, makes no mean amends for its hideous presence along so many green roadsides by the æolian airs it gives forth in the lightest breeze; and it is to be hoped that, as we get used to them, the inherent ugliness of these endless files of black posts bound together by sagging wires will disturb the serenity of our country walks no more than the tranquillity of the swallows (which at this time of year congregate along the wires, with their heads all looking one way, to talk about their flight southwards) is troubled by the hasty and excited messages which are incessantly flashing beneath their toes. When, however, all is said that can be said for the electric telegraph in its artistic aspects, I cannot but think that its ugliness is too great to be tolerated by man or nature, and that ere long it will be found out that this skeleton may be safely and advantageously buried in the earth whose face it now deforms; and deforms, if possible, the more for the consciousness we have of the mystic life which is always flying through its motionless frame with the speed of spirit.

The greatest gain for which the lover of the country has to thank the railways is the transfer which has been made by them of the old coach roads from the pur-

poses of prose and business to those of poetry and pleasure. While business men—including the restless multitudes who make their pleasures business, seeking rather to lose themselves in change of agitation than to renew their lives in leisure and repose—are hurried along the flattest and dullest lines of transit that can be chosen, at a rate and with noise and shaking which prevent their seeing anything when anything is to be seen, the true lover of the country remains in undisputed possession of thousands of miles of fine roads, so beautiful, solitary, and strangely haunted by hints of a past time, that the quiet traveller in phaeton, or on foot, horse, or bicycle, seems to find himself in a sort of endless faëry land laid out with lavish art and labor for the sole satisfaction of his pleasant idleness. He may drive, ride, or walk ten miles on one of these noble causeways and never meet or pass even a cart or a drove of cattle. The old posting towns and villages at which he rests are filled with an almost supernatural quiet; and each has one or more spacious inns which are at his solitary disposal, as is the great range of stabling at that of his cob, if he has one. The dreamy dwellers in these places seem mostly to have forgotten whither the great roads which traverse them lead. I paused the other day where a main road forked, to ask where the road on the right hand led to; and the pretty and innocent-looking young woman of whom I made the inquiry answered, "To the beer-shop, sir." A tender melancholy is the *sauce piquante* of beauty; and this feeling lingers everywhere about these roads and their inhabitants; to this feeling, in the posting stations especially, the rude and prosperous merriment of past days has given place. Of real decay and of poverty amounting to hardship they somehow show no signs; though it is sometimes difficult to understand how this is. Hurstgreen, for example, which is the old posting station between Tunbridge Wells and Hastings, is little more than an assemblage of large inns, spacious stable yards, and smithies; but though everything is as quiet as a trance, all the inns and smithies are open, and stand contentedly waiting for the guest, the horse, or the job which never seems to come. A ham and a cold fowl or surloin will probably be forthcoming from the larder of the George at your demand for luncheon, and you will find no savor of antiquity about them; and the ostler will promptly appear at the sound of your horse's hoofs in the

yard, and will take him from you with as much *nonchalance* as if the advent of a traveller were a common occurrence.

These roads generally follow the most picturesque tracts of country, as the railways take the dullest. If there is a long ridge of hill anywhere, from which the beauties of half-a-dozen counties can be seen at once, the road will go out of its way to run along the top of it, and no valley is too deep to be dived into for a sight of its river or moated house. Everything about an old road is human and civilized. The adjacent timber has been planted, ages ago, with reference to it; farmhouses, hamlets, and gentlemen's mansions cherish its companionship; whereas the railway darts from one dull station to another through tracts of absolute desert; and if it happens to come upon a piece of country sufficiently sensational to attract the suffering traveller's notice, it will probably dive under it like a mole before he can say "Look!"

The desertion of these roads by their ancient traffic has given their now seldom wayfarers a personal interest in each other. *Rencontres* between pedestrians in these solitudes seem to justify and even call for mutual recognition and a word or two about the weather. If a lonely cava-

lier, cyclist, or walker is passed by a bright barouche full of ladies from the neighboring "place," he continues his journey with a sense of having been in contact with the "quality;" and should you see a young lady on foot and pushing her tricycle up a hill a mile long, with her brother or lover a furlong ahead—as he frequently is in such cases—you may offer your services without danger of being thought rude, except by the gentleman who has forfeited his right to interfere. It is curious that the old coach roads are commonly much better kept up now that their uses are for the most part poetical than they were when they were the arteries of the country's busy life. I can remember posting from Tunbridge Wells to Hastings before there was any railway, and when the turnpike charges formed nearly half of the cost of so travelling. The roads were, for the most part, beds of loose sand six or eight inches deep, and it was killing work for the horses. The other day I drove the whole distance easily in three hours and a half, excluding luncheon-time at Hurstgreen, over roads which were throughout as smooth and sound as those of a royal park.

PROCESSIONARY CATERPILLARS.—In the month of February, these "processionary caterpillars"—as they have come to be called—are seen in large numbers both at Arcachon and Biarritz. Sometimes chains of two and three hundred may be observed marching in solemn procession either on the *plage* or on the roads. It is clearly seen that they choose the smooth paths of life, as they are rarely, if ever, seen to perambulate the sandy, uneven forest, from which they emerge throughout the whole day. Not unfrequently, they mount the steps of a villa, to take a peep at the interior, to the dismay of invalids unaccustomed to such extraordinary though perfectly harmless callers. On such occasions, they divide into small detachments, as if conscious that the presence of a whole battalion might prove inconvenient; for at other times, whatever be the length of the chain, or how oft soever divided, they invariably unite, and the one which starts as leader retains the post, as if by common consent, until their return to the nests they have left in the early morning. Alas for the fruit trees that fall in their way on what may be termed their foraging expeditions! They halt many times to regale themselves on succulent leaves, and when fully satisfied, re-

turn to their nests in the evening. These nests are longitudinal in form, similar to those of wasps, but smaller. They are composed of the dry needle-points of the pine, divided into minute particles; and are ingeniously woven together by gossamer threads as fine as those of the spider, but in appearance so silky as to resemble the work of the silkworm. As it covers the whole nest, the intention is evidently to keep the fabric together. Should any one, impelled by curiosity, attempt to pull the nest to pieces, to discover more of this texture, and afterwards touch his own eyes, inflammation may set in, and even death ensue. This enables us to understand how injurious so virulent a poison must be to the young trees. Many of large growth in the forest of Arcachon have been completely destroyed by these insects. They are never seen during the great heat of summer. In mid-winter, they leave the nests by shoals, unite, and burrow in the earth. There, underground, the long chain forms itself into a ball, and many of the caterpillars die. After a time, the rest emerge from their cocoon existence, and return to the trees, where they make fresh nests on the deserted ones of the preceding year.

Chambers' Journal.